JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 22, 1924. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVI. No. 944. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1924 TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

In this Issue :

Gipsy Smith
J. Ellis Barker
A. G. Gardiner
A. M. Thompson
"A Gentleman with a Duster"
Dr. R. J. Campbell
etc.

NET PAID SALES EXCEED 850,000 COPIES WEEKLY

MY BOLSHY FRIENDS

by the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.

This will be a "Bovril Winter"

We have been starved of sunshine this summer, and our powers of resistance to illness will be low unless we take special measures to increase them.

Health depends upon nutrition. You are sure of being nourished if you take BOVRIL.

TESTED JB

GRAVES

FINEST GRAMO-PHONE VALUE IN THE WORLD

Handsome model with polished Oak Cabinet (16½ x 14 x 7½in) Powerful Silent Motor, Worm Drive fine-cut quality Sound Box. Price £3:10:0

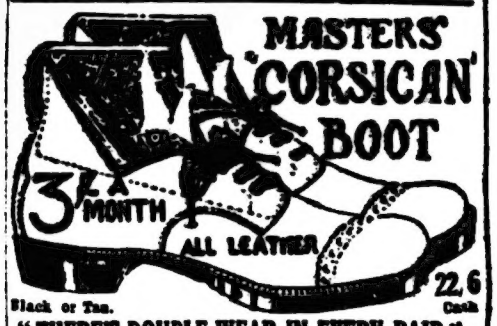
DELIVERED to approved orders for 5/- now, balance in monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are at all disappointed.

CATALOGUE of new Models (Horn and Hornless) Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

5/- NOW.

MASTERS' "CORSICAN" BOOT



Black or Tan. Cash

"THERE'S DOUBLE WEAR IN EVERY PAIR."

To prove the genuine quality of these boots, just send a deposit of 3/- and have the boots to examine before paying anything further. The "Corsican" is our special brand, extra thick soles for hard wear, leather-lined and built to satisfy the most particular. Price 22/6 cash or 25/- on easy terms within the reach of all. 3/- deposit and 3/- monthly. Send 3/- for a pair to-day and promise 3/- monthly after delivery. Deposit refunded if not satisfied. Send 3/- and any size required.

Price List of Boots, Suits, Costumes, Watches, Post Free.

MASTERS, Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE

Asthma

Bronchitis, Catarrh and Whooping Cough are relieved at once by Potter's Asthma Cure. Makes your days comfortable and nights restful. Supplied by all medicine vendors, 1/3. Post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

Instant relief

GRAVES

FURRIERS

NATURAL FURS.

Every lady should write for the Graves Bargain Catalogue of genuine high grade furs. The newest exclusive styles in exquisitely matched skins. Keenest money-saving prices and Easy Terms. Finest values ever offered.

WE DELIVER Furs to approved orders for a small payment with order. Balance in monthly payments if satisfied. Money back if disappointed.

WRITE TO-DAY for our new handsomely illustrated Fur Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

From 5/- Monthly

HIMROD'S

ASTHMA CURE

Quick relief to sufferers from Asthma. Hay Fever, Colds, etc.

4/6 a tin at all chemists.

Reader's Home Devoured by FIRE!

JOHN BULL pays £125

IT is the hour when sleep is heaviest. A wisp of smoke curls lazily up through a crack in the boards. It increases in volume. Little tongues of flame shoot out. They spread. . . . Sleepers awake with a sense of coming calamity. There is a frantic effort to save cherished belongings—a wild dash for safety.

Thus did fire steal on the home of Mr. George Somerville, 12, Merthyr Road, Hirwain, near Aberdare, Wales, reducing it to ruins—**wiping it out.**

Mr. Somerville fortunately had the foresight to become a registered reader and JOHN BULL has therefore forwarded him a cheque for £125.

What about **your** home? Why take any risks? Sign the forms now.

A few of the FIRE BENEFITS PAID this Week.

NUNEATON.—Mrs. M. JONES, 106, Marston Lane, Coltycroft.
BRADFORD.—Mrs. D. STREET, 115, Garnett Street, Leeds Road.
SALFORD.—Mrs. J. FAIRFAX, 36, Treman Street, Cross Lane.
FLEETWOOD, LANCS.—S. W. QUIBELL, 47, Cop Lane.
PENRHIWCEIBER.—T. T. MAXWORTHY, 16a, Rheola Street.
BRADFORD.—Mrs. W. KELLETT, 8, Dean Street, Brownroyd.
NEWCASTLE.—T. MORROW, 16, Churchill Street.
EAST WEMYSS, FIFE.—A. STEWART, 42, Glebe Park.
WINFARTHING, NORFOLK.—J. LISTER, Church Farm.
FALMOUTH.—G. W. H. JENKINS, 48, New Street.
BURNTISLAND, FIFESHIRE.—H. MEESE, 60, High Street.
TEDDINGTON.—Mrs. M. CLOUT, 48, Addison Road.
MANCHESTER.—J. BRAMMELL, Church Hotel, Openshaw.
CALEDONIAN ROAD, N.1.—J. A MURRAY, 115, Bemerton Street.
COPTIC STREET, W.C. 1.—H. W. BRYANT, 3, St. George's House.
WINSFORD, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. F. HITCHEN, 2, Clouch Row.
FOREST GATE, E. 7.—Mrs. W. EBERHART, 162, Shrewsbury Road.
CLAPHAM, S.W. 4.—Mrs. A. BRYANT, 1, ELWELL ROAD.
DUNDEE.—Mrs. A. WILL, 42, Watson Street.
WALTHAMSTOW, E. 17.—F. CALLEN, 9, Albion Road.
WALTHAMSTOW, E. 17.—Mrs. J. CUNNINGHAM, 155, Chelmsford Road.
GLASGOW.—W. WILSON, 32, Maxwell Street, Pollockshawe.
ROTHES.—Mrs. J. OGILVIE, 17, New Street.
GLASGOW.—Miss A. FORRESTER, 1,120, Argyle Street, Sandyford.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. C. HANDERSON, 35, Oak Street, Pendlebury.
SUNDERLAND.—E. J. JACKSON, 30, Hendon Street.
BARNSTAPLE.—Mrs. N. TOMAN, Semington Cottage, Tawstock.
WILLINGTON, Nr. BEDFORD.—Mrs. A. SPAVINS, Harford Road.
BATH.—H. H. OLIVER, Hillside Cottage, Swainswick, Nr. Bailbrook.
DUMFRIES.—Mrs. H. H. BETTS, "Blackford," Annan Road.
RENFREW.—T. DODD, 26, Renfield Street.
CRETINGHAM, Nr. FRAMLINGHAM.—F. J. SMITH, Otley Road.
LAXEY, ISLE OF MAN.—H. G. D[illegible], Lancashire House.
BLACKBURN.—J. MORGAN, 16, Lancaster Street.
CHESTERFIELD.—F. LINACRE, 6, Prospect Place, Staveley.
MIXENDEN, Nr. HALIFAX.—L. LAMB, Stannington Cottage.
TIVERTON.—F. PASSMORE, 105, Chapel Street.
GLYNCORRWG.—G. NOON, 4, Dunraven Place.
S.E. 15.—Mrs. E. JONES, 769 Old Kent Road.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

Many other Benefits paid on account of Storm, Sickness, Accidents, etc.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader

Reader's Name.....Age....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 22/11/24.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 22/11/24.

"John Bu.." Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Please send me the "John Bull" 5/- Pen, on which engrave free the name or initials:

.....

(*Write in CAPITALS name or initials you wish engraved.*)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/6 (including postage and clip). Cross "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine, medium, broad nib. J.B. 22/11/24.

John Bull's unique Pen Offer!

BIG RUSH FOR THE JOHN BULL PEN WITH YOUR NAME ENGRAVED FREE

Actual size: 11" x 1".

Guaranteed for two years.

No Pen is now considered complete without its Owner's name. It gives it that personal touch, besides practically eliminating the risk of loss. Your name, or that of a friend, engraved FREE on the famous "JOHN BULL" Lever 5/- Pen! The Pen is finely chased, fitted with 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, and Safety Cap. Written guarantee with each. Name beautifully engraved in white, red, yellow or gold (state colour desired).

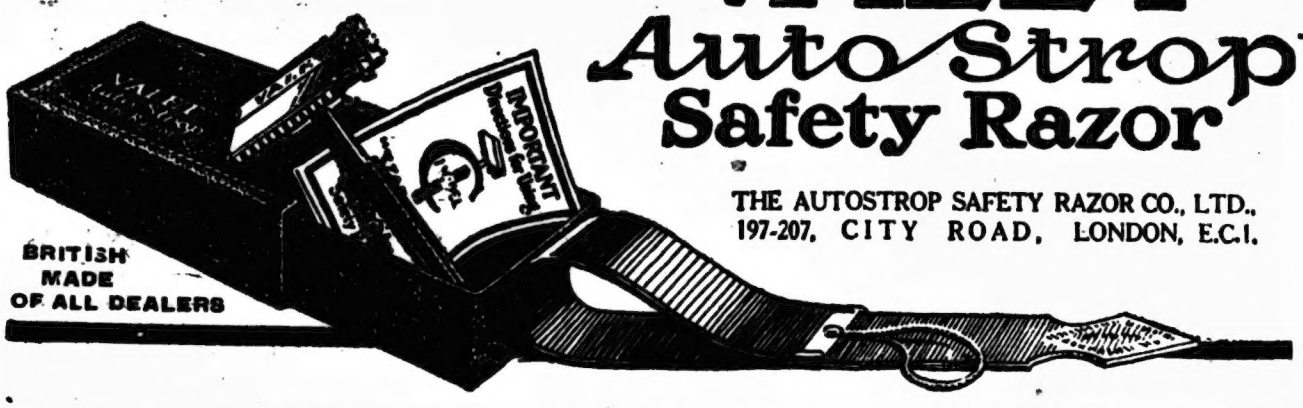
Did you know that you could buy a "VALET" razor set for 2/6

YOU'VE heard of the "Valet" Razor? Here is a new model of it. It costs half-a-crown. Though less elaborate, it has exactly the same self-stropping principle that made the guinea model famous throughout the world.

Ten seconds to strop—ten seconds to clean—nothing to unscrew or take to pieces—a perfect shave for 40 or 50 days with a single blade. Call in on any dealer to-day and ask him to show you this best of all safety razors.

"VALET" Auto Strop Safety Razor

THE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD.,
197-207, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.



BRITISH MADE
OF ALL DEALERS

ILLUSTRATION SHOWS THE NEW 2s. 6d. SET

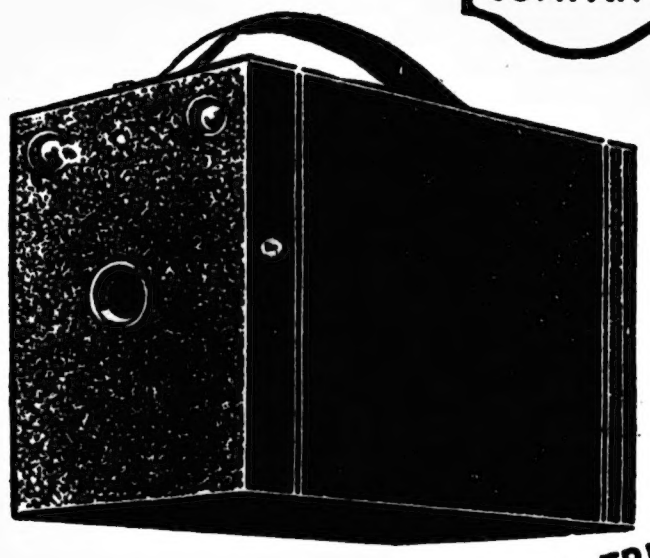
containing the essentials for a perfect "VALET" shave—the razor, blade and strop in neat case. If your dealer does not stock it, the manufacturers will send it post free on receipt of a postal order for 2/6.

BOTH THESE SPLENDID GIFTS FREE!

GUARANTEED MADE BY THE KODAK COMPANY

Here you are! A great big cuddly Felix and a guaranteed *Camera*. Start saving now. Think of the joy these gifts will give you, your friends and the kiddies.

Incidentally think of the hours and hours of sweet contentment you get quietly smoking BLACK CAT Virginia Cigarettes, *good* cigarettes, the fun of saving coupons and the joy of getting these two fine presents. Think of it, and buy BLACK CAT right away.



FELIX THE CAT FOR 100 COUPONS

THE CAMERA FOR 200 ONLY

Black Cat VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6D

TESTED JB

THIS IS WORTH 5 COUPONS FREE

To: THE BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO. (Dept. 8), Gifts Dept., 81, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.2.
Please send me Free Gift Booklet and Five Free Coupons .....
Name .....
Address .....

FILL IN THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Healthy Skin

Keep your child's skin free from rashes, eruptions, eczema and all tenderness with Germolene.

Mrs. Kate Bunce's Letter

Mrs. Kate Bunce, of 5, Gordon Road, Harborne, Birmingham, writing with regard to her little boy, says: "My baby was covered with eczema, and the treatment I was able to get for him did no good. But I was advised to use Germolene, and the effect was immediately noticeable. After I had used one tin he began to get better, and of course I continued the treatment. Now he has a lovely clear skin, and I would not be without a tin in the house. Germolene also cured my husband of piles. I shall never fail to praise its great value."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH.

HOME PRICES: 1/3 *and* 3/-

Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Use Germolene for

Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing TESTED JB

THE UNIVERSAL STORES

THE UNIVERSAL STORES EXTRAORDINARY SALE

Sensational Clean-Up of Accumulated Stock from All Departments

Monster Bales of BEDDING, DRAPERY, CUTLERY, ETC. Forty-Five Articles in all for only £2

Carriage Paid.

The Universal Stores—Bargain advertisers for over 20 years—are making an extra special offer to old customers and new, of Monster Bales containing all the following goods.

BLANKETS, SHEETS, QUILTS, PILLOW CASES, TOWELS, CUTLERY, CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, FANCY GOODS.

45 articles in all.

A MARVELLOUS £2 WORTH.

No oddments, damaged or soiled goods. All guaranteed genuine regular stock. Shopkeepers NOT supplied, and no more than one Bale sold to each customer.

All Bedding Full Size for Double Beds.

DON'T DELAY AND RISK DISAPPOINTMENT—SEND YOUR ORDER AT ONCE AND RECEIVE BY RETURN THE WORLD'S BIGGEST AND BEST BARGAINS.

IF UNABLE TO SEND FULL CASH AT ONCE SECURE THE GOODS NOW BY SENDING A SMALL DEPOSIT. THE BALANCE CAN BE PAID AT YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE, WHEN GOODS WILL BE SENT.

THE UNIVERSAL STORES, LTD., Devonshire St., ARDWICK, (Branch JB8) MANCHESTER

Send for our New Money Saving Catalogue, which contains hundreds of Household Bargains

THE UNIVERSAL STORES EW

GREAT BRITAIN'S PREMIER BARGAIN HOUSE — LARGEST HOUSE OF ITS KIND

RHEUMATISM CURED QUICKLY AND EFFECTIVELY

Upper Tooting Rd., S.W. 17
Sept. 29th, 1924.

"Sirs,—I must let you know the good Urace has done me. I suffered from Rheumatism in the knees and as I work in a Foundry amongst wet sand I have had a bad time. I have only taken one 3/- box and am pleased to tell you I have had, after two years' suffering, a good sleep every night. I feel years younger and my shopmates ask me why I get about so much now, as I was always afraid to move quickly on account of the pain. I am deeply grateful for the ease. I have tried dozens of so-called cures.

"Respectfully yours,
"W. GARROTT."

The cause of Rheumatism lies in the blood, and you cannot coax it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tease it out with oils or embrocations, or burn it out with impregnated wadding, or wash it out with medicated waters—YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID—which causes rheumatism—OUT OF THE BLOOD.

URACE CURES AND CURES QUICKLY.

URACE does dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system. It purifies the blood of all impurities and makes a cure certain. NO other remedy can do this. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of so-called cure-alls, spas, appliances, belts and treatments have failed. That is why URACE is freely prescribed and supported by the medical profession.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Box.

From Boots (600 Branches), Timothy White Co., Taylor's, Saltridge's, Whiteley's, Harrod's, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, Dept. 75, 82, St. Thomas's Street, London, S.E. 1.

URACE TABLETS

TESTED JB **CURE RHEUMATISM,**

NEURALGIA, CRAMP, NERVE PAINS, LUMBAGO INFLUENZA, KIDNEY TROUBLE, GOUT BACKACHE, SCIATICA &c., &c

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IS IT REALLY CURED?

Sufferers from Venereal Diseases who give up treatment without the doctor's consent are running a grave risk of dangerous complications and permanent ill-health. The symptoms sometimes disappear for a time, but the patient may remain infective and the trouble break out with renewed violence if treatment has been abandoned. The only satisfactory assurance of a permanent cure is a clean bill of health from the doctor.

Those desiring free information about Venereal Diseases should apply in confidence to the Hon. Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 102P., Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1, and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Five useful Booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set, post free. Six useful Booklets for Girls, 1/4 the set, post free. Seven useful Booklets for Young Men, 1/5 the set, post free, can be obtained from the National Council.

SOLID SILVER (ENGLISH HALL-MARKED) 10-JEWELLED LEVER WATCH.

MOST AMAZING BARGAIN EVER OFFERED TO "JOHN BULL" READERS.

YOURS for 6D.

Every "JOHN BULL" reader should secure one of these handsome watches. Gent's full-sized 10-Jewelled Lever Watch, stout engine-turned English Hall-Marked solid silver cases. 10-Jewelled non-magnetic Lever movement (not affected by heat, cold, electricity or self-magnetism). Dead accurate timekeeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Bold figures. Pen steel hands. Enamelled dial. Exactly as illustrated. Fully warranted 10 years.

FREE An absolutely FREE Gift of a Solid Silver English Hall-marked Double Curb Albert, with Seal attached, given FREE with every Watch.

OUR UNEQUALLED TERMS.

So sure are we that YOU WILL BE MORE THAN SATISFIED that we send this Watch post-paid upon receipt of 6d. only. After receiving the Watch, if satisfied, the balance is payable 3/- on receipt and 4/- monthly until 32/6 is paid. Full cash with order, or balance within 7 days, 30/- only. Cash returned willingly if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days. Send 6d. to-day to

SIMPSON'S BRIGHTON LTD.

(Dept. 778), 94, Queen's Rd., BRIGHTON, SUSSEX

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 24s

GET YOUR XMAS GIFTS DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY. — Send a Postcard to H. Samuel, the Empire's largest Jeweller, for his Big Free Book of Xmas Gifts and see what you save by buying at next to Factory Prices. Free Xmas Prizes for all Buyers. Silver Expanding Wristlet Watch 15/-; Case of Plated Fish Eaters, 12/6; Nickel Pocket Watch, guaranteed, 5/9; Oak Biscuit Barrel, plated mount, 6/9. Thousands of other Bargains in the Big Free Book. Write now to H. Samuel, Ltd. (est. 10 years), 100, Market St., Manchester.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS at the Dixon Institute of Advertising, the original and still dominant British School. £10 per week can be earned.—Write for particulars of Free Scholarship offer to Dept. 21, Dixon Institute, 196, Oxford Street, W.1.

SUCCESSFUL Letter Writing. 8 lessons, 10/-. Prospectus free.—Acme College, 55, Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to £1/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen diploma free. —47, Smae Inst., Festing Grove, Portsmouth.

'PHONES and Loud Speakers rewound and re-magnetised up to 4,000 ohms. Phones 4/-, loud speakers 5/-; postage 6d.; cash with order. Work guaranteed or money refunded. —Lawler Electrics, 67, Lucien Rd., S.W.17.

WIRELESS enthusiasts! VALPO—the Crystal with Valve Power—produces wonderful results. Guaranteed. 1/6, from dealers or Merton-Davis and Co. (J.), 359, Strand, W.C.2.

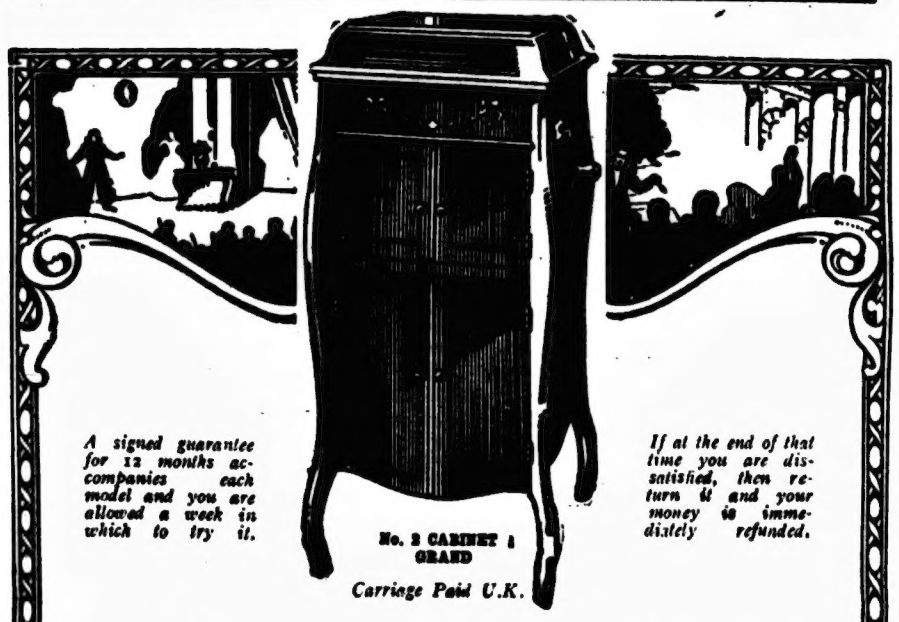
TOOLS.

HUGE SALE.—Lathes £2, Bench Drills £1, Hand Drills 5/-, Nest of Saws 2/3, Boot Rep. Sets, 2/6, Planes 9d. Hundreds of Bargains. Sale list "B." 2d.—Wren Tool Co., 230, Sumner Road, London, S.E.15.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins.—Catalogue free.—Douglas, 90, King's Chmbs., South St., London, E.C.2.

GRAMOPHONES 30/6, motors 10/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 32-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.



A signed guarantee for 12 months accompanies each model and you are allowed a week in which to try it.

If at the end of that time you are dissatisfied, then return it and your money is immediately refunded.

No. 2 CABINET 1 GRAND

Carriage Paid U.K.

A12 guinea model for £6·6·0

Because they are purchased direct from the factory at greatly reduced prices, resulting from massed production —and there are no retail profits to swell the cost. These "FULLOTONE" Cabinet models are enjoying a tremendous popularity just now. Ridiculously low prices in no way detract from their sterling value. Excellent workmanship and beauty of design compel the eye, and the liquid tones of their exquisite sound reproduction charms the ear.

No. 2A. CABINET GRAND. Beautifully finished cabinet, chiefly consisting of mahogany, as illustrated, but not inlaid, 3 ft. 4 in. high. Powerful Swiss double spring 3 record motor, the "FULLOTONE" Junior Sound-box ensuring exquisite tone, nickel plated fittings throughout, with accommodation for 100 records. Goose neck tone-arm and all 1924 improvements.

FACTORY PRICE - - - - £6 . 6 . 0

or 6 monthly payments of £1 2s. 0d. No. 2. Inlaid, as illustrated, £8 10s. 0d.
Write for our NEW Illustrated Catalogue and particulars of deferred terms.

Full range of 20 Models on View at

THE CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO.,
(Dept. J.B. 18), 229, Great College St, Camden Town, London, N.W.1. NORTH 2335.

AND AT

LONDON: The Service Co., 273/274, High Holborn, W.C.
SHEFFIELD: T. & J. Roberts, Moorhead.
SUNDERLAND: Blackett & Son, Ltd., 241/244, High Street West, and Union Street.
GLASGOW: R. P. Co., 9, Byres Road, Hillhead

FULLOTONE

MADE IN ENGLAND

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A1 OFFER.—HOW TO START IN BUSINESS WITH £2.—Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for drapery, Hosiery, Boots and Clothing. Best House for Beginners. Send for free catalogue.—H. Marks, 81, Houndsditch, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 99, High Street, Manchester

DRAPERS, Makers-up, Beginners.—Wholesale List free. Remnants, Cut Lengths.—Levy's, Ltd., 30A, Commercial Road, London, E.1.

EXCEPTIONAL Value is offered to small traders in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Illustrated Catalogue Free.—S. Mosco, Dept. J.B., 6, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

TOY Dealers, Clubs, Bazaars.—Send for Cat. of all latest Xmas Novelties, Toys, Dolls, etc.—Jones's Warehouse, Lower Briggate, Leeds.

LACE and Embroidery, Wholesale.—Torchon, Val., Guipure, Filet, Voile, Flouncing; Longcloth, Drapery, List free.—Albrit Lace Co. (Dept. B.), 116-116, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots, Shoes, and Clothing, Drapery, Lino, Carpets, Bicycles, Baby Carriages, China Ware, Toys, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11.

AGENCY.—Respectable Men required in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, etc. Cash or easy payments. We pay liberal com. No outlay. Good supply of samples.—Write, Dept. J., Bessant, Bright St., Leicester.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A BETTER JOB FOR ALL MEN WHO WANT ONE!—You can learn how to get a better-paid position by reading an interesting Free Book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," which describes the finest Training Course in Salesmanship ever prepared. It also describes how approximately 1,150 positions have been obtained for students of the Course during the last three years. Write for this interesting book to-day. It will be sent post free by return.—The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 297, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT. — Become a qualified Motor Driver with Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free. Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Also Apprenticeships in Automobile Engineering. Apply Chief Engineer.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 19B, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com.—J. Holt, (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 96 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 Country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/6. Many others. Prospectus free.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 109, Strand, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars.—H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without Buying Stock. Scheme endorsed by Authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

21/- MONTHLY buys a high-grade Blick Universal Typewriter, complete with travelling case. Last word in portable typewriters. 30 years' reputation. 3 years' guarantee. Use a Blick while you pay. Send a postcard for FREE BOOKLET No. 211A, to Blick, 9, Cheapside, E.C.

CIRCULAR LETTERS, etc., from 11/4 per 1,000. Illustrations reproduced by duplicator from 1½d. per square inch. Enclose 3d.—Aitken, Dept. B., Chapelhall, Airdrie, N.B.

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A GIFT YOU'LL PRIZE.—Our Monster 128-page "Bargain for the Home" Catalogue, profusely illustrated. Yours free for Postcard. Bargains for everybody. Home Wants, Personal Needs, Children's Toys. Everything direct from factories at fully Half Usual Prices. Penknives, 6d.; Spoons and Forks, 2½d.; Safety Razors, 5½d.; Clocks, 1/9; Lever Watches, 3/3; Trouser Presses, 2/6; Air Guns, 3/11. Sewing Machines, Gramophones and Wireless by Easy Payments. Sensational bargains in Cutlery, Household Utensils, Drapery. If you're bent on saving money, don't miss this Wonder Book. Postcard brings it to your door Absolutely Free. Write now.—Moorhouse, Ltd., Room 8, Padiham, Burnley.

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Vol. [illegible] No. [illegible].
[illegible] Saturday
Nov. 22, [illegible]

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9866.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Cabinet Pudding.

The completed Cabinet and the minor appointments bear out the impression of independent strength and determination to achieve that the first list had given. And it now remains to judge the Cabinet pudding in the eating.

Remember This.

There are those who already see Sir Robert Horne as an instigator of intrigue and discord. We, on the contrary, prophesy that before very long he will be offered, and accept, a Government appointment.

They Know Him.

Labour leaders are well satisfied with the appointment of Sir A. Steel-Maitland to the Ministry of Labour. They all like him and trust him, and he will find them ready to make his task as easy as possible.

Reasons for Confidence.

The thing that gives us most hope is that this is the first year since the war that sanity and a real desire for mutual help have returned to the nations of the world. In such an atmosphere the return of prosperity is sure.

The Wise Independent.

When the Premier formerly held office he was beset on all sides by candid—but by no means disinterested—friends. The candid friends are busy again, and they are very angry with him. We congratulate him.

The Common Good.

We hope the new Administration will turn a deaf ear to the demands of sectional interests, no matter from what quarter they come. The growing tendency to grant special privileges has been a disquieting feature of recent years.

A Good Motto.

"The liberal man deviseth liberal things," and it is not in order to make a bad political joke that we urge Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues to be liberal—both in thought and action.

So Loving!

Labour's alternative, says the *Labour Monthly*, is now either to turn down its leader or to follow him in turning down Socialism. What a nice brotherly lot of comrades they are!

Unity Will Win.

When Labour took office we said: "There is not a single outstanding problem that is essentially a contentious Party measure." Now Labour is in Opposition we repeat it—for their benefit.

A Ginger Group.

The Vanquished Liberals, 300 strong, are evidently going to prove of more importance than the 43 returned victorious. We hope they will refrain from setting up a Soviet at the National Liberal Club.

Radical Revival.

The little revolt last week is only the precursor of a general attack planned for the 24th. By that time their patriarch leader will be well under cover of the Pyramids.

The New Leader?

If he could only be persuaded to take a world tour he might find a vigorous Simon in charge on his return—the Welsh Wizard having left most of his wizardry behind in the retreat from Moscow.

An Impossible Position.

The immediate result of the American elections is that the policy of isolation will be maintained. But we predict that circumstances will prove too strong for President Coolidge.

The "State"-ly Homes of England.

It is good to have Mr. Baldwin's assurance that the Government is serious to tackle the solution of the housing problem. We would merely request the Premier, when providing quarters, not to do things by halves.

Neville Chamberlain's Task.

We welcome the proposed committee to investigate the possibilities of building with other materials than bricks. But somehow or other the building unions must be brought to reason and the shortage of labour made good. That is the real problem.

New Rulers—Old Problems.

Housing, Unemployment and Profiteering remain the three dominating problems on which the attention of the whole country is fixed. On these, and these alone, the man in the street will judge the Government.

Twin Fallacies.

Modern industrial problems will not be solved either by State socialism or State despotism. Nothing but intelligent and friendly co-operation between master and man will be of any avail.

Mutual Trust.

If Armistice Day had any meaning at all it was surely this, that the spirit of comradeship that the war engendered can still win the peace if—as then—national interests are put first.

Don't Defer Hope.

We are promised a searching enquiry into the cost of living. There is no need to wait till Parliament reassembles for this to be put in hand. It can—and should—be done at once.

Election Competition Winner.

THE total number of votes cast at the General Election, as published by the *Times* of Nov. 14th, was 16,039,760.

The nearest estimate in our readers' competition was within 123 of this number.

In accordance therefore with the decision of Lord Askwith, the adjudicator, our cheque for £500 has been sent to the winner, Mr. C. MAY, 58, CREDON ROAD, PLAISTOWE, E.13.

What Will Happen.

The City is very uneasy over the fact that a trade delegation has gone to Russia from Germany, and that negotiations for a Franco-Russian commercial treaty will begin. We predict that Mr. Baldwin will join France in these discussions.

An Immediate Problem.

Neither Austen Chamberlain nor his Cabinet colleagues interpret the electoral outcry against Bolshevism as antagonism to trade relations with Russia. The last thing they desire is a return to the sterile policy of complete rupture.

Steady!

Sir Robert Horne's alarm at the commercial alliance between France and Germany need not cause an immediate panic desire for a tariff wall. That is an expedient—not a remedy.

Politicians, Please Note!

Says the *Statist*: "To couple the development of Empire resources with the question of unemployment in this country is nothing but fatuity." We record expert opinion and leave it at that.

As We Said.

It is several months since we stated that British business was being seriously hampered by the refusal to recognise Mexico. The now insistent demand of business men that this recognition should take place proves how right we were.

Hold Tight!

Last year, when the Government proposed to sell its shares in the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., we opposed the idea, and we are of the same opinion to-day. There is nothing to be gained by adding to the strength of the petrol combine.

Reviving Folly.

The question of the Singapore folly is cropping up again in all its freshness of a year ago; but what the country said then, it meant. There must be no Singapore.

A Black Picture.

While averages are not the safest guide, it is not nice to read that "the average income of the people of India—one-fifth of the human race—is less than 3d. a day." No wonder there is unrest in India!

A Deadly Trade.

One of Mr. Amery's first jobs at the Colonial Office might be to investigate the extent to which opium and other drugs are being imported into Crown Colonies from India. We are setting a bad example to the rest of the world.

A Farmer's Man.

The new Minister of Agriculture is intimately conversant with farming and rural life. No one knows better than he does that absence of interfering legislation and the encouragement of any and every co-operative enterprise are the way out of the present serious crisis.

We Apologise.

We're sorry. When we suggested last week that a fall in bread prices was due, we did not foresee that the price of flour was to be rushed up again. As the profiteers won't apologise for themselves, we apologise for them.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Profiteers at Work.

In view of an anticipated potato shortage, stocks are already being hoarded against eventual high prices. Here is a scandal that can be checked immediately without waiting for the investigation of a committee.

The Great Ramp.

Coal is less than £1 per ton—at the pithead. The consumer, of course, pays anything up to 56s. per ton. And we still want to know into whose pockets the difference goes.

You for the Pip.

In one week-end 5,000,000 oranges arrived in London from Spain, and every tide brings more and more of them. Unfortunately, in spite of the vast quantities, we have not got back to the "four-a-penny" cry of pre-war days.

She Doesn't Say !

Lady Astor's statement that she would give ten Unionists to get Mrs. Wintringham back in the House interests us. We want to know which ten ? So do the Unionists !

Abolishevism.

Emma Goldmann, the ex-apostle of anarchy at present in London, has suffered bitter disillusionment on visiting and seeing Russia under the Soviet. She is not the only one who has vainly sought to spell evolution with an "r."

Long Overdue.

To put a practical business man at the head of the Post Office is a sound idea, and we shall be greatly surprised if this absence of political bias does not result in the restoration of the penny post.

No Time to Lose.

We should like to be assured that Scotland Yard is straining every effort to exterminate once and for all the new type of motor-car burglar. If this phase of crime is not nipped in the bud, it may soon become a desperate evil beyond control.

Futile Restrictions.

We hope Mr. Baldwin will see what can be done towards abolishing the passport nuisance. Six years is too long to have waited to see this war-time relic follow the unlamented D.O.R.A. into oblivion.

A Powerful Advocate.

The sturdy and outspoken views of Lord Dawson, the King's physician, on birth control, should do much to break down the hypocrisy that exists on this vital topic. We particularly applaud his careful distinction between scientific knowledge and mere prurience.

He's Right.

The belated protest by Dean Inge against the encouragement given to miracle-mongering by certain bishops gives a much needed lead to the Church. To countenance the creation of mass hysteria and its consequences is a dangerous game.

Tired of War.

"Death rays" have suffered a severe slump. There is no interest in them except as circus and music-hall turns. As a symptom of the mental state of the people it is a remarkably healthy one.

Reform the Poor Law.

One of the reforms which the new Government should tackle is the thorough-going revision of the Poor Law. Hard-hearted officialism must give place to humane and enlightened administration. The execution of Mr. Bumble is a function which has been far too long deferred.

The Right Way.

As the result of enquiry by a Court of Arbitration, wages in the dye-trade have been substantially increased. The workers, without the sacrifice and suffering of a strike, have obtained solid benefits. Once this method of settling industrial disputes becomes general, there will be a brighter outlook for British trade.

The Moaning of the Bar.

It is to be hoped that the L.C.C. will this time adopt its own licensing committee's recommendation to grant drink licenses to the dozen odd variety theatres which are at present denied them. If JOHN BULL were a Councillor he would be proud to be one of those to put the sense into license.

Caterham Brains.

We urge State and municipal authorities to follow the lead of Caterham Council which is going quietly ahead with a housing scheme that shows results. For £40 down and 15s. 5d. a week, thirty families are settled in five-roomed homes that will be theirs freehold in twenty years, and, in addition, the breadwinner is insured for £440. The tenant's weekly payment covers everything including rates. And more houses are being built !

Slaves of the Land.

While many of the farmers in Huntingdonshire are able to afford the luxury of keeping two motor-cars, they declare that they cannot afford to pay their labourers more than £1 4s. 7d. a week, which works out at about 5¼d. an hour, and they are so annoyed when agricultural workers seek to escape from this slavery by undertaking road-repairing at 9d. an hour that they endeavour to bring pressure upon contractors not to employ any farm hands who may apply to them for jobs.

The Human Machine.

LOOK OUTWARDS

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THE Americans have a phrase whereby they describe a man as "a good mixer"; a man, that is, who is at home in any society, who "gets on" with anyone with whom he is thrown into contact.

There is no secret about such a man. It is, I grant you, partly a matter of personal characteristics, but it is still more a question of adaptability.

If we dug a little deeper still we should find it was also a question of being able to see the other person's point of view.

There is one characteristic that is outstanding about the human machine—its well-nigh limitless power of adaptation to circumstances and to emergencies.

It is a power that it pays everyone to be fully conscious of, that it behoves us all to train and use.

If we turn all our thoughts inward to ourselves we shall find it very difficult to adapt ourselves. It can only be done by continually thinking outwards, as it were.

Your self-centred man, whose first and only question when confronted by a new situation is, "How is this going to affect me?" can never be a good mixer.

He erects a wall of selfishness between himself and others. He implies that there can be no other viewpoint than his own.

He broods over fancied wrongs, becomes suspicious, indulges in self-pity.

The remedy is to be interested in people, to lend a receptive mind to their views and opinions, and to realise that people are interested in you in the same way.

Remember, too, that what seems so important to you may be negligible to someone else. Cultivate a sense of perspective. Try putting yourself in the other fellow's place.

You're not the only person in the world !

The Good Shepherd.

Hearing the roar of a lorry hurtling along a dark road and towards his flock of sheep near Maidstone, John Russell dashed to the rescue of the animals in his care. He died in saving them. "He thought more of the sheep than himself," said the lorry driver at the inquest. What an epitaph !

The Good Turner.

Councillor Turner, Mayor of Middlesbrough, is a doer of good turns. Two hundred poor children turned up at the town hall carrying mugs. A hoax had been played on the little ones, but instead of turning them empty away the Mayor gave them their treat. The miserable rascal who tried to trick hungry mites should be found and made to pay for another meal for them.

Pluck at Sixty-nine.

When a man is sixty-nine he rightly expects the seat in the inglenook. At that age, however, John Grant, a Folkestone boatman, dashed into the seething breakers which broke over his head. He seized a capsized boat and raised one end sufficiently to release and save William Downs, who was being drowned under it. Brave old man !

The "No Children" Ban.

For many weary months an ex-soldier named William Charles Rolf, of New Cross Road, has been tramping South London in search of rooms. His one crime prevents him from getting them. Theft, immorality, drunkenness ? Oh, dear, no. His one and only offence is that he is the father of four children ; and so the weary search goes on with ever-lessening hopes of success. How long will the country tolerate this wicked ban ?

Smell the Brimstone ?

Uneasy is the mind of the Rev. H. Brooks, a Congregational parson, because the retiring Mayor of sand-stricken Southport has during his year associated himself with two ballots. That a deserving charity was to benefit by the funds raised mattered little. The brimstone flavour was there. And by such petty protestings there are parsons who believe they can create a heaven on earth.

Labour Exchange Muddle.

Lerwick has a Labour Exchange and a Local Committee, yet for some extraordinary reason the claims of men who become unemployed, even though their cards are fully stamped and in order in every other respect, are sent to Aberdeen for consideration, a proceeding which occupies anything from three to six weeks. Meanwhile the men have to sign the register at Lerwick every day and look about for work with empty bellies and bairns at home crying for a crust of bread. Surely this muddle can be remedied.

A Tip for the Tired.

Here is an excellent tip for those who are tired of delay in obtaining justice, sent to us by Mr. A. E. Wood, of Manningtree Road, Stutton, near Ipswich. He says, "Thank you for your great help in my fight for my pension. I had written so much I was tired of trying, but at last I thought of writing to you. What a wonderful result ! And what a wonderful paper for the down-and-out ! I shall say to everybody, 'Don't give in. Write to JOHN BULL !'" That is the best advice for all who are in difficulty over their pensions or anything else.

Silly Superannuation Scheme.

Roadmen employed by the Gloucestershire County Council have very sensibly refused by an overwhelming majority to allow themselves to be included in a superannuation scheme to which they would have to contribute 1s. 7d. weekly out of their meagre wages of 32s., while individuals receiving salaries of from £600 to £1,000 a year would benefit. As one Councillor observed, it would be a monstrous injustice to ask the ratepayers to contribute to a scheme for providing pensions for highly salaried officials while these humbler servants of the public are prevented by their circumstances from participating.

Oh, Daisy!

It is nice of the lady trading in the name of Daisy Emerald to write such genial letters to punters offering them credit accounts, but she must think some people are as green as the ink she uses on her gaudy stationery. We would like to know what association there is between Daisy and others working the same game from the Midlands.

A World-wide Crusade.

All honour to the League of Nations for its efforts to combat the world-wide traffic in dangerous drugs. An International League for the Suppression of the Drug Traffic, armed with sufficient powers, offers the only hope of stamping out this soul-destroying plague.

That Wretched Ballot.

At last, after our repeated demands and exposures, there is to be an official enquiry into the shady affairs of the Victory Corps and its Great Motor Ballot, in which thousands of pounds of public money have disappeared. Receiving orders in bankruptcy have been made against Miss Walthall and Miss Sparshatt, who ran it, and also against the late secretary, who was acquitted at the Sessions when charged with fraud in connection with the Corps.

Asleep.

The Borough of Eastbourne has taken its gloves off to the Southern Railway. Residents complain that trains from London are slow in starting and uncertain in running, the carriages dirty and uncomfortable, the whole service slack and inefficient to the last degree. It is to be hoped that other municipalities will follow Eastbourne's lead. Far too long the railway monopolists have had things all their own way.

Just Gone Away.

Where is Mr. J. Katin, late of 7, Brooklyn Road, Shepherd's Bush, who ran a business in sign-writing and engraving? A reader who invested money with him cannot get it back, and all his latest letters have been returned "Gone away." Mr. Katin stated that he was the proprietor of the "J. K. Cleaner." This may be quite a good instrument, but Mr. Katin's client begins to think he has been well cleaned out of his money.

A Very Old Acquaintance.

An interesting sequel has followed our recent exposures of the latest conspiracy among Chinese dope dealers who are secretly smuggling other Chinamen into this country. A Chinese named Loy Choy was refused permission to land at Southampton recently, having been "spotted" by an official who knew him. We know this man is a notorious cocaine smuggler, a member of the Chung Yee Tong Secret Society, and a member of a Dutch-Chinese gun-running gang.

The Gipsy's Warning.

A plausible individual recently visited Norwich in a motor-car and purchased goods to the value of £4 1s. 9d. from a local tradesman, tendering in payment a cheque for £5 drawn on The London Joint City and Midland Bank, Cambridge Circus, London, W.C., and signed "The Walker Trading Co., Geoffry S. Grist." The cheque has been returned by the bank marked "R.D., Signature unauthorised," and letters sent to "The Gables, Manor Drive, Hampstead," the private address given by him, are returned by the Post Office. Any reader who may receive a visit from this "gentleman" should remember the gipsy's warning.

Taverner's Turn-table.

An interesting example of the methods of the notorious William Taverner is supplied by a reader who sent him £4 for investment in Quarterly Dividends, Ltd., and £1 as a deposit in National House Purchase, Ltd., in anticipation of a loan. Taverner for some purpose, took the liberty of reversing these investments, declaring that the re-arrangement would pay substantially better. Such a turn-about of instructions is utterly indefensible. To make matters worse, our reader is unable to obtain either the refund of the money or the loan. We advise immediate legal proceedings for the recovery of the money.

Problems of Life.

THE LURE OF TRUTH

by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

THAT great French writer Anatole France, who recently died, challenges in his book, "The Amethyst Ring," the oft-repeated assertion that truth is stronger than falsehood, and must ultimately prevail.

He says: "On the contrary, I opine that in the majority of cases truth is likely to fall a victim to the disdain or insults of mankind and to perish in obscurity."

This statement is so directly opposed to the general belief as to call for examination.

Few things are as impressive as the virtual unanimity with which men hold to the conviction that truth is invincible and must inevitably win its way against every form of error.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," is a proverb which most people seem to take for granted. It is applied to moral as well as intellectual truth.

MATERIALISTS rely upon it no less than convinced believers in the certainty of divine judgment.

Zola appealed to it in the Dreyfus case; Renan held to it when he had given up all religious faith; Wells and Shaw believe in it to-day, and make it the basis of their views of the future.

Every pioneer of a great cause is fortified by the assurance that it must triumph soon or late; and many a martyr or victim of social prejudice has been solaced in the hour of death by anticipating the day when the truth he has suffered for will come to its own.

Why should they feel so sure of this?

Is it not because in our heart of hearts we all know that we are so made that we cannot rest but in truth?

No man can for ever choose to live by a lie.

WE try to do so; we are often wilfully blind where our own selfish interests are concerned, and we hate those who open our eyes; our ignorance and incapacity lead to erroneous opinion and action; but once the light has shone upon our path we cannot but follow it.

We may hang back and delay, but we have to follow in the end.

We may make many mistakes first, and take many wrong turnings; but our vision of the true and the good (which are one) will always draw us back into the high road.

As poor Guinevere said:

"We needs must love the highest when we see it."

Let this be our consolation in the present time of conflicting passions and tumultuous counsels.

The false will pass, the true abide.

Those Housing Ramps.

It may interest those of our readers who have had unsatisfactory dealings with one, James Stroud Nunn, who was repeatedly exposed in this journal, to know that he and his son, Harold Leslie Nunn, stood in the dock at Bow Street Police Court a few days ago in connection with alleged frauds respecting their Stroud's Housing Specialists.

Bird's New Nest.

Robert Bird, the turf and football trickster, appears to have flown from Langham Street, W., since last we referred to him, and to have found a new nest at 3, Leicester Place, Leicester Square, W.C. He has added to his football coupons the name of W. H. Watts, but he will have to make much greater changes than this in his conduct.

Turned Out.

We are wondering what are the present whereabouts of Michael Deigan, the prickly pin-cushion merchant against whom we recently warned our readers, for we have received a letter from Mr. M. L. Silver, of St. Dunstan's Chambers, 10-11, Fetter Lane, informing us that he turned Deigan out of the building following our exposure. No doubt Deigan will endeavour to continue his operations from some other address.

So Simple.

After answering an advertisement, "Men wanted, £3 per week for four hours work daily," a reader received a reply from G. Neil, of 49, Holmhead Street, Glasgow, who wrote, "I was idle two and a half years ago when I hit on a method of earning a living that has kept me busy ever since, and which will keep me going as long as I can carry on. . . . If you think a permanent job is worth 5s. then send that sum to me, and I will give you all particulars." It is so simple, so long as there are simpletons about willing to fork out 5s. without any notion of what they will get.

READER'S HOME GUTTED BY FIRE!

JOHN BULL PAYS £125

See Page 2

The Limit of Audacity.

A man named Charles Spencer has been to jail many times for being a thief and a cheat. We have criticised him for committing frauds in the name of charity. This impudent rascal called at this office the other day and asked us to expose a well-known institution which, taking compassion on him, had offered him work, just a few hours each day, at the rate of 30s. a week. Spencer considered this a grave insult and refused it!

In the Shade.

It has been our duty in the public interest to criticise the audacious activities of a person named Henry Francis Wheeler. On several occasions we have denounced him for what we considered were frauds upon the public committed by him in connection with a company called Wheeler's Electric Shade Carriers, Ltd. Recently we called for his arrest. The sequel is that he was arrested a few days ago at Luton on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences.

The Path of Gold.

Thomson Bros., of 93-4, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2, are sending out circulars showing an unsuspecting public how, in return for a few pounds, to make pots and pots of money. It is the "small investor" they specially appeal to, and Thomson Bros., seem to have a system by which £5 becomes £20, £10 becomes £40, £20 becomes £80—and so on. We do not understand why they should not themselves through a nominee invest, say, £5,000 and, in a short time, make £20,000. The proposition is, of course, one to be disregarded.

The Phantom Captain.

Two weeks ago we expressed the opinion that probably "there ain't no sich pusson" as "Captain" F. Roberts, of Chadwell Heath, Essex, who advertises opportunities for beginners on ocean liners. There is, however, a highly-respected citizen named F. Roberts who has lived for ten years at 36, Grove Road, Chadwell Heath, who is continually being subjected to annoyance through people mistakenly identifying him with the phantom "Captain." It is just like an individual engaged in shady business to misuse a worthy name for his unworthy purposes.

Venus Goes Astray

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
We wonder where you are.

THE continual discovery of new planets, comets, stars and other bodies floating in the firmament must be very disconcerting to those who seek to probe the secrets of the future by consulting the constellations of the heavens.

It seems to have been the sad misfortune of Mr. C. W. Child, a delineator of human character by means of examination of the lines in the palm of the hand, and a forecaster of future prospects by the study of the stars dominant at the date of birth, to have been swindled by his own sciences.

A fortnight ago we referred to his conviction at Marylebone on charges of pretending to tell fortunes with intent to deceive and impose upon certain of His Majesty's subjects at Great Quebec Street, W.

From a communication which we have since received from Mr. Childs, it would appear that we were greatly mistaken in our comments, and that the poor fellow deserves our pity rather than our censure.

Shame on the Stars!

Heavenly bodies whose existence has hitherto been unsuspected, some uncalculated conjunction of planets, possibly a whole constellation, must have conspired to exercise malignant influence on this astrologer's career.

He informs us that his conviction was due to "police spite in its worst form," that "two police spies called on two different days," that "their evidence was expertly prepared," and that "everything was done to prejudice the case" against him.

Shame on the stars that so basely hid the future from him! He had studied them so diligently that he mentioned Venus, Mercury, Saturn and other constellations to one of these women, and told her that she was born under disturbing elements. He told her that things would not settle down until 1936, that her brother would quarrel with her, that her mother would die within eighteen months, and that troubles would crowd upon her for three years.

Lured Women.

The stars told him all that, yet they concealed from him his imminent conviction, the fines of £10 on each charge, with £5 5s. costs, awaiting him on the thirtieth day of October, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four!

Childs sends us copies of his leaflets, saying that we will not find anything in these to justify our statement that "he pretended that he knew all kinds of things that were going to happen to his clients in the future." Of course not. He knew quite well that if he had advertised such pretensions he would have been breaking the law. He did not need the stars to tell him that. But once he had lured these women into his den and pocketed their half-guineas he relied upon the stars to guide him in telling their fortunes.

The Wealthy Bride Swindle

INTRODUCING a Jack of all Trades. He has sold racing tips, supplied wives to the unmarried, run "missions" for dockers and lived on the proceeds of charitable appeals. Is he fit to act as secretary to a charitable institution?

IT is indeed a noble work to help those who cannot help themselves, to find work for the workless, and to raise men who have fallen on evil days. Such appears to be the aim of a concern recently set up at 18, York Road, London, S.E., which is called "The Ever Open Doors of Industry for Providing Direct Employment for Discharged Convicts and Prisoners," and which states it has been "founded as a memorial to the convicts and prisoners who volunteered and sacrificed their lives in the Great War for King and Country."

This long-titled institution has, naturally, to obtain public support in the work which it has set itself up to do, and has begun by circularising people of influence who are asked to do all they can to support its work in uplifting the masses. The circulars conclude with a pretty request for something in the nature of a "thankoffering."

The secretary of "The Ever Open Doors of Industry for Providing Direct Employment for Discharged Convicts and Prisoners" is given as Charles J. Newland. In view of what we know of this gentleman we think that people should think twice before sending any thankoffering to his Ever Open Doors. We certainly do not consider Mr. Newland the type of man to be secretary of an institution of this kind.

An Old Hand.

He is a notorious humbug. He first came under our notice in 1909, when from Third Avenue, Manor Park, he was advertising that a "lady, young, good figure, pretty, income £200, desires to marry honourable man." He required a fee of 10s. "as a binding of good faith, and a further sum of £3 on the conclusion of our services."

Nowadays, when there is so much talk about surplus women, who will say that £3 10s. for the lot is unreasonable?

Newland was merely a fee-snatcher, and time after time was exposed in these columns. For a while he eluded our notice. But one day our attention was drawn to the case of two young women named Alice Leach and Maud Davis, who came into prominence through their association with a boot manufacturer's daughter who, "with substantial income, has a *desire* to make a business gentleman's acquaintance." That was how an advertisement ran.

Miss Jekyll and Mrs. Hyde.

When we made enquiries it was hard to find the elusive Maud Davis or Alice Leach. In due course, however, we discovered that Mr. Charles Newland was Alice Leach one day and Maud Davis the next!

For a time the trinity of Alice, Maud and Charles gave up the ghost in regard to the work of providing brides with fat incomes for the impoverished unmarried. Newland suddenly blossomed forth as a transfer agent and trade valuer in the name of "C. Armstrong," but after a time resumed the merry game of obtaining fat fees for fair females.

This is where a bright young thing named Millicent Forbes stepped into the arena. She hailed from the Brick House, Wimbish, and got many fees from prospective spouses. So, also, did "Margret" Williams, of Bolton Road, Harlesden, who, like the blushing Millicent, was Charles J. Newland in disguise.

Newland has masqueraded under a score of aliases, among which, in addition to those already given, are Charles James, Clement Stanley, A. M. Stanley, and C. S. Gordon. But he has done worse tricks than extract fees from credulous people seeking matrimony.

For instance, he deserted his lawful wife in disgraceful circumstances, and the poor woman came to this office stranded, weeping and starving. Later he "married" a girl whom he also deserted after robbing her of all her money, thus proving himself a bigamist as well as a thief.

With reference to the recently established "Ever Open Doors of Industry for Providing Direct Employment for Discharged Convicts and Prisoners," it is rather interesting to make a special note of that part of its printed objects which refers to a "memorial" for convicts and prisoners who volunteered and sacrificed their lives in the Great War.

Mr. Newland sacrificed himself a good deal during the war—for, after our voluminous and bulky dossier had been handed over to the police, he was, towards the latter part of 1917, sentenced at the Old Bailey to three years' penal servitude, the judge remarking that his offences were among the worst that had ever come before him.

He's been Everything!

Newland has been racing tipster, missioner, matrimonial agent, business transfer agent and house agent, in turn. The Charity Organisation Society knows him as a begging-letter writer of the worst type, and also informs us that they black-listed another "Mission" of his called the Port of London Mission to Dock Labourers.

With Newland as secretary of this "Ever Open Doors" institution, we consider in its present state that it is unworthy of financial support.

The Long, Long Wait

Furniture bought in this way is an expensive investment.

AT 95, Great Eastern Street, E.C.2, W. R. Hewstone trades as a "Cabinet Manufacturer and Upholsterer," and the passing reference we recently made to his methods of business does not appear to have had much effect upon him. Judging by the nature of the fresh evidence which is now in our possession, it is clear that Mr. Hewstone is in need of more publicity.

Hewstone's game, so far as we can see, is a merry one. He offers articles of furniture at special prices—a line of business that appeals to traders in a small way—and demands the money in advance, promising to deliver the goods by a specified date.

The practice of paying in advance for goods ordered from firms about which you know little or nothing is always a very questionable one, and many of the people who have been foolish enough to pay Mr. Hewstone in advance are now wishing that they had been wiser before, and not after, the event.

Mr. Woodbridge, of 14, Markhouse Road, Walthamstow, for example, ordered goods in August last to the value of over £11. He paid in advance and got a receipt signed by Hewstone, dated August 27. He cannot get the goods he paid for, but has been successful in receiving a series of cards apologising for the delay. He cannot get a farthing of his money back.

Take another case. A Mrs. Taylor ordered and paid for a quantity of goods in the same way as far back as July. She has not got her goods, nor can she get her money back. This lady, too, received many postcards from Hewstone regretting delays, and, thoroughly disgusted, she eventually obtained judgment against him in the county court. He has not satisfied this judgment.

There are many other victims, and we find, as a matter of fact, that there are several other judgments registered against this enterprising fellow. From the evidence before us, it is clear he is playing a shady game.

When Hewstone took the money from Mr. Woodbridge for goods he was obviously not in a position to supply, he was actually sending apologetic communications to other disappointed clients saying that their goods—for which they had paid in advance—would shortly arrive.

We have ascertained that at least one victim has complained to the Old Street police, to be told that, although they had heard of the gentleman there before, nothing could be done unless several of Hewstone's duped clients complained.

Hewstone is obviously a man to be avoided. In strongly advising our readers to have no dealings with him, we recommend Hewstone—both in his own as well as in the public interest—to revise his highly unsatisfactory and shady methods of doing business.

A Parasite in Petticoats

THERE is no more sinister figure than Shylock in petticoats. Below we tell the tragic story of a distressed wife who fell into the hands of women money-lenders, and whose days and nights were hours of haunting dread.

THE struggles and the temptations of the poor in some of the populous districts of London can scarcely be realised by people in more favoured circumstances; and we tell here a pitiful story because it illustrates the lesson we have so constantly urged that the exactions and extortions of women money-lenders must be checked by the wholesome light of publicity.

The wife of an industrious working man, whose name we withhold to save further pain, lives in two rooms in Hackney. She is the mother of five children, and her story has been investigated by our Special Commissioner.

He found that her husband, to whom she is devoted, earns just under £3 a week, out of which 12s. a week must be paid for rent. It has been honestly and consistently paid—the rent-book shows that.

This poor mother had thus little over £2 a week to carry on the little home, to feed seven mouths, and to clothe seven people. The struggle was heartbreaking. But it was long and patiently and courageously endured.

She did her best to give her husband the sustaining food he needed in his work. She wanted to get some oilcloth for the floor, and was persuaded, without telling her husband, to borrow some money from a woman money-lender.

The arrangement was that she was to pay 2s. in the £ interest every week, plus whatever she could to reduce the loan. The first week she could only pay the interest, and she saw that she might go on paying the 2s. each week, which she could not afford, and still continue to be in debt.

Having to pay her household accounts, and being unable to pay back the money-lender, she was foolish enough in her dilemma, to go to another woman money-lender and borrow from her to quieten the first. Subsequently she had to go to a third to quieten the second. And so on and on.

She was afraid to tell her husband. The strain and the anxiety were agonising. She began to pawn little personal belongings of her own for trifling amounts.

Her husband fell ill, and this added burden was placed upon the harassed woman, with her secret of untold debt.

Then another baby came, and when the poor woman got on her feet again she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The dread of the women money-lenders' calls at the door—she was now in the toils of several of them—became an obsession.

She began to hear imaginary knocks at the door, and on one occasion she actually fell back on the bed in hysterics, crying out that they would never leave her alone. Her good husband comforted her, though he could not understand her undiscovered secret.

In the end the strain proved too much for her. She became desperate. She had even pawned her new-born baby's shawl!

She lost her head. And, in order to pay off her tormentors, she broke open her gas-meter and took out the money she had put into it for the gas. She used the money, something like £1, to pay off debts that were terrifying her.

A little while after this she realised the folly of her action. It nearly drove her demented.

Returning one day from taking her children safely to school she was horrified to see the gas collector in the narrow street where she lives. She was afraid to go home. She ran distracted to the house of a friend, and begged to be allowed to remain the night. Next morning she gave herself up.

Lt.-Col. D. Watts Morgan, M.P., who considers unregistered women money-lenders our worst evil.

Last week she was brought before Mr. Watson, the magistrate at Old Street Police Court. The poor creature presented a pitiable figure, pale and obviously very ill, as she stood in the dock with her eight-weeks-old baby in her arms.

Mr. Watson did not punish her. He merely bound her over and advised her not to go on paying exorbitant interest, but to let the money-lenders sue her in the County Court where, he said, the learned Judge would not let them have it.

It is only by telling this pathetic example from the short and simple annals of the poor that one can bring home the devastation wrought by the woman moneylender, that sinister figure of our slums to-day.

These Shylocks in petticoats are at work in all our big cities. There are, for example, over eleven hundred women moneylenders in the slum areas of Liverpool and Birkenhead.

Clearly, the law must be strengthened to control bargains made with unhappy people who cannot protect themselves.

Uncle Sam's Finger Prints

Blue frighteners from a sincere friend

WE are always willing to learn, even from America, and it appears that Uncle Sam can teach us something of the gentle art of combining profuse expressions of sincere friendship with the rather low-down and unamiable practice of attempting to extort payment of imaginary debts by means of "blue frighteners."

Our education in this respect has been completed by the University of Applied Science, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A., which seems to have wide ramifications.

It has, for instance, a Finger Print Department, and undertakes courses of instruction by post in the Finger Print Profession, Bertillon Identification and Secret Service Intelligence. It seeks pupils in these fascinating subjects in both hemispheres, and some time ago it attracted the notice of a railway employee in England, who wrote for particulars of the course.

He received a letter in most cordial terms, commencing "My dear Mr. M., I have your very nice letter of recent date and am very pleased indeed, Mr. M.," promising that "after a few months' study you will be a real finger-print expert—100 per cent. efficient," and concluding, "Your sincere friend, T. G. Cooke, President."

The fee being five dollars a month, Mr. M. sent the President a pound and commenced his studies. He was sufficiently interested to send a second pound, but by the end of the second lesson he found that he was unlikely ever to become 100 per cent. efficient, and not being able to afford to waste more money on a useless hobby he wrote and said so.

He then received an intimation that he was indebted to the University in the sum of fifty dollars, and this was followed by a demand for payment from an American debt-collecting agency.

Any soreness he might have felt at this abruptness should have been removed by a further letter commencing "My dear Mr. M.," from the President, who still remained his "sincere friend."

Alternating with urgent demands from the debt collectors there came a series of chatty epistles about holidays and general gossip from T. G. Cooke, and at last a personal letter was sent by the manager of the debt-collecting agency, who concluded an extraordinary effusion thus: "Let's be friendly with each other; it pays."

Mr. M. had no particular desire to be friendly with either Mr. Cooke or Mr. Ridley, but he did not anticipate that their profound friendship would be followed a post or two later by an imitation "summons" and an extract from the American criminal code designed to delude him into the belief that he was liable to a fine of one thousand dollars or five years' imprisonment or both!

Crime of the Alderman!

A little instance of ignorance not being bliss.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been created in the north of England by the conviction of Alderman Fred Wilby, of Dewsbury, for receiving cloth knowing it to have been stolen.

The Alderman, who is sixty-three years of age, was a job and fancy dealer, and had carried on a successful business for forty-three years without complaint. There is no question at all about his popularity and the high respect in which he was held—and is still held. In fact, nothing whatever was known against the Alderman until the early part of this year, when Matthew Jowett, a warehouseman, employed at a big local mill, approached the Alderman offering him several thousand yards of cloth.

He Didn't Know.

Although Wilby was a job dealer, and had purchased bankrupt stock at bargain prices; he apparently knew nothing about the price of cloth, and said he would enquire to see if he could find some buyers in London. Jowett offered the cloth at 2s. 6d. a yard, but finally accepted 2s. 2d. The Alderman afterwards sold the same cloth at 3s. and 3s. 3d. a yard—not such a wonderful profit, as any business man will tell you. In fact, a witness for the prosecution admitted that he made as much as 50 per cent. in some cases.

Since transactions in Government disposals stock are made at all sorts of fancy prices, it seemed an ordinary bargain, but it was discovered that Jowett had stolen the cloth, and he was arrested together with Alderman Wilby.

The prosecution could find nothing at all against the Alderman apart from this unfortunate transaction. Nevertheless, at the West Riding Quarter Sessions, Wakefield, he was sentenced to two years in the second division. Wilby made a pathetic appeal in the dock. He refused to ask for mercy, as did the actual thief Jowett, because, as he said, "I had no more guilty knowledge than the biggest stranger in the land. I plead for nothing."

Why not an appeal?

The heavy sentence has outraged public opinion in Dewsbury, because it was felt there was no definite evidence to associate Alderman Wilby with the self-confessed thief. At any rate, it is rightly argued that so important a case should have been heard before the High Court.

In view of the exemplary character of the alderman, and the fact that he was convicted on circumstantial evidence, the sentence appears to us to have been unduly harsh, especially since a chief witness against him was the convicted thief. We suggest to Sir William Joynson-Hicks that he might well inaugurate his new duties as Home Secretary by calling for the papers in this case, and giving the matter fresh and independent judgment.

They Find the Money

This is the age of Truth in Advertising!

MARRIED couples, and those about to marry, who wish to start house-keeping in homes of their own cannot fail to be allured by an advertisement headed "We Find All the Money," which is being issued by a firm called Newey & Co., of 52, High Street, Croydon.

The firm of Newey & Co. consists of three individuals named A. E. Newey, F. Horne and W. Ernest. They profess to have ample funds placed at their disposal by investors and to be able to arrange immediate advances on the security of existing property at interest not exceeding 5 per cent., explaining that the amount advanced is repayable by means of a Mortgage Investment Policy issued by the National Provident Mortgage and Investment Society, Ltd., on terms which make the premium and interest payable no more than the rent of the house.

In their letters to enquiriers regarding this wonderful proposal, they say that if no advance is arranged, the premium paid will be returned in full with interest after twelve months from the date of the Policy.

The plain truth of the matter is that this unique society is a creation of A. E. Newey and another man, who started it in 1921 at Birmingham, and were promptly fined for commencing business without a registration certificate. They moved to Manchester, and later to Croydon, where they tried to camouflage themselves by using a somewhat similar title, which involved Newey in a fine of £25 for beginning business without registration. Readers may take it from us that "We Find All The Money" really means that they will find all that fools are willing to part with.

A Fowl and Fishy Affair

SMALL traders and farmers all over the country are being duped by the questionable business methods of a London concern. We expose these methods here, and warn readers to be on their guard.

THE lot of the small farmer, smallholder and small trader in remote parts of the country is often a very hard one. It is made very much worse when such people are cruelly victimised by the firms to which they send their produce in the London markets.

A country reader writes to us, for example, to ask whether we know anything of a man named Harris, formerly trading under the name of Winter at 334, Goswell Road, London, E.C.

We do. He is at present in jail for obtaining credit by false pretences in the poultry trade. What he did was to get fowls from farmers, sell them, and pocket the proceeds without paying the producers.

We are glad to think we were instrumental in exposing him and getting him sent to jail; and we quote this case to warn our readers that they should make enquiries from us before, not after, the event.

For the Jewish Feasts.

There are plenty of other people in this line of business whose methods call for some explanation. We have received a complaint, for instance, from a reader in Leicestershire regarding a firm called L. Williams & Co., Poulterers, 172, Green Street Market, Bethnal Green, London, E.1. Other complaints have been made about this firm, but this case will illustrate the difficulties with which small farmers and country traders have to contend.

Our reader answered an advertisement in the *Feathered World* for old fowls for the Jewish feasts, and subsequently sent on a consignment of fowls, paying the carriage to London.

A little later he got a letter from the same firm, or at least on the notepaper of the same firm, suggesting that he should send the birds to Williams & Co., Live Poultry Stores, 6, Devonshire Street, Mile End, London, E.1.

He did not get his money, and he was told that the fowls had not arrived at the correct address of the firm—172, Green Street Market, Bethnal Green, which is a fried fish and chips shop—but had been received at 6, Devonshire Street, Mile End, where the firm had no premises.

Run by a Foreigner.

In further explanation it must be added here that the owner of this firm, with the British name of Williams, is a foreigner who, although he has been a long time in this country, cannot speak English very well, and writes it much worse.

To our Commissioner, who investigated the matter on the spot, this foreigner, who calls himself Williams—and has traded under that name for some years—explained that he had arranged with an Englishman named Harvey to do his correspondence in connection with the buying of old fowls for the Jewish feasts.

This Mr. Harvey, he said, had ordered some of the fowls to be delivered not to Green Street Market where Williams carries on business, but to 6, Devonshire Street, Mile End, where Mr. Harvey lives. Further, Williams told our Commissioner that Harvey acted without his knowledge or permission, and the result was that many of the fowls were missing.

This is a very interesting story, but the customer wants his money. Mr. Williams told our Commissioner that he would certainly pay a fair price for the fowls he managed to retrieve, but not for those that he said he never got possession of We advise Mr. Williams to pay, and to pay promptly.

It would certainly be a very astonishing state of affairs if a firm could order goods, give on its own notepaper specific instructions as to where the goods were to be delivered, and then say that the instructions were unauthorised and that the loss should be borne by the customer. It was obviously the business of Mr. Williams to see that the gentleman who did his correspondence should not divert goods for the firm elsewhere.

The matter certainly cannot be allowed to remain as it is. There have been many complaints made to the local police about similarly unsatisfactory transactions.

The business methods of Mr. Harvey, in any case, seem to call for investigation. Another reader of JOHN BULL, living in a different part of the country, writes to tell us of a transaction he had with a concern called the Alderney Poultry and Egg Stores, 34A, Alderney Road, Mile End, to which he sent a consignment of fowls.

Protect the Poor Trader!

Not getting his money, he made enquiries and found that the fowls had been delivered, not to the Alderney Stores, but to 6, Devonshire Street—the very same place to which the missing fowls in the Williams story were taken.

There ought to be some official organisations to look after the interest of the small farmer and smallholder. The complaints that reach us from all over the country show that such struggling people are often cruelly robbed of the small profits they toil so hard to make, which mean so much to them and their families.

A Humbug in Gilt

A beautiful picture without a golden frame.

ON two occasions recently we have criticised the rascally activities of a trickster named Ernest Burns, who, from 12, Station Road, Finsbury Park, N., ran a photographic enlargement business which must have been very profitable.

He is still carrying on from other addresses, and complaints of shameless frauds on poor people are now reaching us in such numbers that it is evident Burns has had many dupes.

The police ought to make it their business to take up this matter immediately. They surely can do something to bring to an end this rascal's career of deception and robbery.

Poor confiding women, anxious to have a lasting portrait of their dear ones, have been duped by Burns and his specious promises. He has called upon people by the score, and offered to enlarge and frame small portraits, and to accept payment for the work by weekly instalments of a shilling or so. The completed and framed enlargement would not, of course, be delivered until fully paid for.

The experience of Mrs. Bell, of 49, Gordon Road, Edmonton, is typical of many of his victims. She handed over to him a cherished photograph for enlargement and framing purposes, and has altogether paid the rascal a guinea. She cannot get her money back, and, what is more valuable to her even than that, she cannot get the photograph she parted with. Mrs. Bell adds, "I am not the only one by dozens, and I think he deserves more publicity than he has had."

One of our readers recently met this person at a place where he lodged, and has sent to us a number of original photographs, some of them snapshots, and some studio portraits, which he left behind when he went away. Other poor dupes are unable to recover even their photographs.

The latest address used by this rogue is 44, Mount View Road, Stroud Green, N.

Putting the Ass Wise

At last the law may be altered to protect investors

WE strongly urge every member of the new Parliament to support a very important Bill introduced by Mr. A. M. Samuel, M.P for Farnham, Surrey, for the protection of small investors.

We have done our best to stop the roguery and swindling of company promoters who, in the present state of the law, are able to play tricks with the Companies Act.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds are lost every year—stolen would be the better word—through the malpractices of Company-mongering sharks who know just how far the wind blows in their favour, and who rob the public with impunity.

On several occasions we have exposed a concerned called the Mutual Thrift Society. In our issue of August 4, 1923, for example, we asked the authorities what they proposed to do in the scandalous and unthrifty procedure adopted by this amazing and fraudulent concern.

We said: "The law is obviously an ass when such things can happen without any subsequent prosecution as what has happened in connection with the Mutual Thrift Society."

Our appeal has, we are glad to say, been answered. Frank Rawson, the rogue behind this fraudulent concern, was last week sentenced to nine months' imprisonment at the Liverpool Assizes for fraud and publishing false balance sheets in connection with the Mutual Thrift Society.

Rawson was virtually the only director of this business, and got from the public something like £100,000, most of which disappeared!

We thank the authorities for taking up this case.

But what of the people behind the Commercial Permanent Money Society, Ltd., who have done much the same sort of thing as was shown in the exposure which appeared in our issue of October 11 last?

Are they to escape?

MY BOLSHY FRIENDS

COMMUNISTS are not only enemies of the Trade Union Movement, but they constitute a positive danger which must be fought, declares the writer. Their one aim is to exploit disputes for revolutionary ends. We must show no quarter to a body which threatens the welfare of the whole community

by The RIGHT. HON. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.

IF, when Labour assumed office, anyone had said to me that the Government would eventually be brought down because of its sympathy with the Communists, I'd have laughed him to scorn.

But if he had added that, after an administration of over nine months, Labour would be compelled to explain from all our platforms in every part of the country that we were opposed to Bolshevist methods, and that the electorate would not believe us (as is shown by the result of the Election), I would not have hesitated to have designated that person as a fit subject for a lunatic asylum.

Such, however, is the fact. No amount of argument or excuse can explain away that our downfall was due solely to the popular mistaken view that the Labour Party were the friends of Bolshevist Russia, and that it was not due to any administrative blunder or to any failure in the responsibility of Government.

I deliberately say *Bolshevist* Russia, because I refuse to believe that there is any considerable section of our people who are not both anxious and willing to help the millions of Russian people.

No Sympathy with the Bolshies.

Both in and out of office, I have never made any pretence of sympathy with the methods of the Russian Soviet Government, and I am strongly opposed to the introduction of such methods in this country. If such a system should suit Russia that will be the business of Russians, but I am profoundly convinced that it will never suit us, and that no good could ever come by any encouragement of Russian Soviet methods, in any shape or form, to the British Trade Union and Labour Movement, which is far too deeply rooted in democratic principles and places too high a value on political and industrial freedom.

Long before I became a Cabinet Minister I had abundant evidence of the manner in which these Russian friends were permeating the ranks of our trade unions.

The organisations of railwaymen, miners, engineers, and others were honeycombed by their disciples who by fair or foul means attempted to capture the various representative positions in the Trade Union Movement. That they were directly subsidised from Russia I have stated publicly on more than one occasion, and, in fact, I obtained proof of this as a result of my libel action.

Fruitful Soil for Revolution.

It is not difficult to understand what fruitful soil is provided by the Trade Union Movement for their particular propaganda. Wherever there is a grievance, and of course there are many, the Communists are there to exploit it. Whenever there is a trade dispute, no matter how difficult is the task of the trade union leader, or how delicate may be the negotiations for a satisfactory settlement, the one and only aim of the Communists is to exploit the dispute for revolutionary ends and to sow suspicion in the minds of the rank and file as to the actions of their accredited leaders; and whatever the nature of the settlement they discredit those who negotiated it.

By such methods they have sapped the authority and influence of a number of trade union officials.

Mud-throwing Murderers.

To achieve their purpose any kind of mud is good enough for the Communists to throw. Dining with Capitalists, or the wearing of Court dress, is all part of their stock-in-trade. Incidentally, I observed on one occasion when at Court that whilst Communists without exception denounce Labour Ministers for attendance, the representative of Soviet Russia was himself there very much in the limelight. Of course nothing was said of this to the masses.

Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, formerly Colonial Sec., who has returned to the National Union of Railwaymen.

I have definitely arrived at the conclusion that Communists are not only enemies of the Trade Union Movement, but that they constitute a positive danger which must be fought. It is no good talking of solidarity and pretending that we can afford to ignore them, because let there be no misapprehension—given sufficient rope they will surely disrupt and ruin our great trade unions which have been built up at so much cost and sacrifice and which are the admiration of organised Labour throughout the world.

So far as the National Union of Railwaymen is concerned, I have no hesitation in saying that just as I have always fought the attempted inroads of the Communists in the past, I will do so again with renewed energy in the future.

The Canker in our Midst.

Whilst I am such a keen critic of the Russian Soviet Dictatorship and am determined to resist with all my power any attempt of their followers to ruin our British Trade Union and Labour Movement, I would emphasise that this does not mean, and, of course, must not mean, that I believe we should not trade with the Russian people, or take advantage of every possible opportunity to develop world trade and to re-establish international confidence.

It does mean, however, that I believe there is in our midst a canker which no medicine can cure and which can only be removed by an operation. That operation must be performed by the united and conscious effort of the great rank and file of the trade unions determined to stamp out from the movement Communism which so seriously threatens to ruin the work of the past, and to cloud the prospects of the future.

We must show no quarter to a body which constitutes so great a danger to our democratic institutions and to the welfare of the whole community, and in the days ahead, whilst taking our place and fighting our battle as H.M Opposition, we must also watch those whose only object is the disruption not alone of the Trade Union Movement, but the great British Commonwealth.

Whilst what I have written on the danger and methods of the Communists may be frank and plain, it certainly is not more strong than the circumstances warrant.

One has only to glance occasionally at Communist papers, to note the audacity and barefaced methods adopted. One of the latest activities has been to organise what is called "Minority Movement" whose aim appears to be to oppose the constitutional decisions and policy of trade unions and so alienate the allegiance of the rank and file from their organisations in order to enable a few irresponsible Communists to dictate industrial policy calculated to lead to revolution.

A Warning to Trade Unionists.

This new movement actually circularised the branches of the National Union of Railwaymen a short time ago to invite delegates to attend a conference of railwaymen under the auspices of the "Transport Workers' Minority Movement." Fortunately, my colleague Mr. Cramp, heard of this move in time and was able to warn our members of its real significance.

However, it would be foolish to assume that either Press articles or public speeches will, in themselves, be sufficient to remove the danger.

It is not so much by speeches and ordinary straightforward propaganda that these people proceed as by clever methods of mobilising the disgruntled members of the trade unions who at the onset may be quite honest and innocent of any intention to foster disruption and revolution.

They are first of all used to create an atmosphere of suspicion against existing constitutional authority and officials, and as soon as they think the time is ripe they gradually introduce their own particular doctrines and commence to manufacture or exploit the grievances.

This National Minority Movement—which only recently appointed a prominent member of the Boilermakers' Society as its full time paid secretary—and who, therefore, not working at this trade, had no right to be a delegate at the recent Trades Union Congress—has drawn up what it calls a "Workers' Charter."

Faith in the Rank and File.

Its aim now is to foist this upon the official Labour Movement, or in other words, as an outside irresponsible and unconstitutional body, it is attempting to dictate the policy of the official Labour Movement.

Such interference is impudent and intolerable, and I hope that my colleagues in the official Labour Movement will join with me in resisting their encroachments and exposing their methods.

Serious as is the danger and determined though the attack may be, I have faith in the intelligence and common-sense of the rank and file of our trade unions to believe that the members will not sit down to such unjustifiable interference and dictatorship in the work of the trade unions and will give short shrift to such disciples wherever they attempt to show themselves.

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

"This is your hour! So great your power
That none can now resist you;
Use then this might to set things right
And we will all assist you!"

They could not save him from the grave,
But still a watch they're keeping;
"For one fine day he'll rise!" they say,
"He isn't dead—he's sleeping!"

He's following in father's footsteps—
He's following the dear old Dad,
The post high-placed that Randolph graced
Is held now by his lad.

"By ma bare knees! Sic crimes as these
Ye'd think would be unlawfu'!
But ane braw Scot in a' the lot—
Hoots, mon! But this is awfu'!"

The Sentence of the Court

£ S. D. OF SOUL SAVING

Grab-Alls in Gaiters

by HARRISON OWEN

"NOT guilty" was the plea of the Archbishop of Canterbury, when charged with procrastination amounting to neglect of duty.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., pointed out that some months ago the Archbishop was charged with being the head of an organisation employing sweated labour, and on that occasion he was urged by the Court to evolve a scheme to reduce the striking disparity between his own salary of £15,000 a year and the miserable pittances paid to many of his clergy. Since then a special committee, with the Archbishop as chairman, had drawn up a report, and recommendations were to be made to the Church Assembly.

"Unfortunately," continued counsel, "a number of prominent churchmen seem more concerned with the sad state of bishops struggling to make ends meet on a few thousand a year than with that of curates wallowing in luxury on £4 a week and even less. We are told, for example, that churchmen are agreed that the upkeep of Lambeth Palace is too great a strain upon the Archbishop of Canterbury's financial resources and that the maintenance of the Palace should be met by the Ecclesiastical Commission.

"Consideration is also to be given to the hard cases of other galtered super-taxpayers, many hearts having been lacerated by the announcement that the Bishop of Carlisle (who, it is explained, 'entertains largely') finds that £4,500 yearly does not meet his running expenses.

"On the other hand, although the Commission of Enquiry into the Property and Revenues of the Church urged that something should be done for a number of aged curates whose pay is small and whose privileges are few. the Archbishop's Committee suggests that the time is not ripe for action!"

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, in defence, said that the mistake made by many critics was in assuming that a "living" must necessarily imply a living for its occupant. Men did not enter the Lord's vineyard to grub for the root of all evil. Their object was, or should be, to save souls rather than money. Every curate carried a bishop's crozier in his knapsack, and, even if they could not all become bishops, each knew that he was carrying on the good work and could look for a reward in the next world to compensate him for hardships endured in this one.

"Doubtless there is something in what counsel for the defence has said," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, after the jury had returned a verdict of "Guilty"; "but his words are not likely to bring consolation to clergymen who are trying to save souls on wages that would scarcely save kippers from starvation. While so many incumbents have to be content with bare 'livings' there is bound to be criticism of the princely stipends paid to 'star entertainers' like the Bishop of Carlisle, who evidently thinks that the best way to spread the light is to provide 'spreads' for the 'leading lights.'

"When told that a bishop who 'entertains largely' finds £86 a week inadequate, a layman is apt to suspect that curates are being kept poor to help to pay the Bishop's entertainments tax. Bearing these facts in mind, I must order the prisoner to place one month's salary (amounting to £1,250) in the Poor Box."

Saints and Sinners.

The Big Show Without Showmen

Too Many Swollen Heads for a 1925 Wembley

by HESKETH PEARSON

ROBERT BURNS once gave vent to an ardent wish that we could see ourselves as others see us. As the gratification of such a desire would probably lead to suicide on an almost national scale, I assume that Bobbie, when he expressed it, was passing through one of his acutest phases of depression.

No man in a healthy condition ever wants to see himself as others see him; and Lord Stevenson is in a thoroughly healthy condition. He not only hasn't the slightest use for other people's vision, but he would damn their impudence if they offered him the loan of their spectacles!

He will do more than damn my impudence for this article. He might even go so far as to write to JOHN BULL about it! So let me disarm him at once by saying that, personally, he's a very pleasant fellow. Not many people know him personally. I don't myself.

BUT I have made it my business to know a lot about him; and I repeat that, as an individual member of society, he leaves nothing to be desired.

The curious thing is that the moment he enters his office door, the moment he comes into contact with you and me and the rest of the world, his humanity seems to evaporate and he is transformed into that rather terrifying thing—an official. By which I mean a very official official.

His mind becomes set in a series of watertight compartments. You are there to discuss one particular subject which is bottled up in one particular compartment, and if you attempt to get outside that subject—crash go his mental floodgates!

Lord Stevenson.

Now this sort of thing is very admirable in a departmental chief, a man who is only concerned with one aspect of a business. But Lord Stevenson is Chairman of an Exhibition that is supposed to represent a considerable portion of several continents.

Apparently it is going to be reopened next year. We all wish it a great success—and a handsome dividend. But there must be a reorganisation before it can hope to pay its way. Some of the high salaries must be cut. Some of the officials ought to be sacked. There was far too little cohesion between the departments, and the big bugs were far too fond of their dignity.

I AM told that Mr. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, was heard to observe that "Wembley is too big for the Empire." It was his way of saying that the officials were too swollen-headed for their offices—not open to criticism or even friendly suggestion.

Lord Stevenson has served on many a committee in his time and knows the committee-mind from A to Z. It is up to him to comb it ruthlessly out of Wembley and substitute the British Empire mind. If he doesn't, the Exhibition next year will be a frost.

DAUGHTERS OF MAMMON

IN the headlong race for pleasure and passion we are all forgetting the thing in life that is richest. We are worshipping false gods and neglecting the true God of Humanity. In this powerful article the writer tears away the veils of our delusion

by "GIPSY" SMITH

"Gipsy" Smith, the famous Evangelist, now conducting a campaign at the Royal Albert Hall in London.

ALL the defects in our national life are effects only; the root-cause is found in the fact that men and women are worshipping false gods whom they allow to dominate their lives and control their conduct.

On all hands there are to be found worshippers of the god of Gold. In the name of Mammon, morality is debauched, hearts crushed and homes destroyed. In the strongholds of the City of London and in the Chambers of Commerce throughout the country principle is sacrificed for principal. In this campaign of grab and greed there is no sentiment.

When a man allows his whole body, mind and spirit to be enslaved to Mammon everything noble within him is debased and all the finer qualities are blunted. During the late war we saw men hurled into the highest social positions; it was not because they had suddenly reformed from evil habits or achieved some good work for society. They had simply obtained a government contract.

Such success spelt reward for the very doubtful virtue of a capacity to subordinate national good to private gain. There is no more detestable class than the profiteers. They reach the highest altar of the god of Gold by striding over the bodies of maimed soldiers and stamping on the hearts of sweated women.

Not at Home on Week Days.

In the worship of this god men are smashing the Decalogue at one blow and scrapping social morality at every move on the market. They will risk their eternal happiness on a dubious deal. Though the heavens fall they must make profits.

There are men who, I regret to say, worship God on Sunday and Mammon the rest of the week; who attend church but who do not believe that "religion can be brought into business." And so, in the sacred name of Business, the moral teachings of the Church are denied and defied.

There are "pillars of the Church" whose bank roll is inflated by the proceeds from foul slum property; others who sweat needlewomen and laundry hands; others who gamble on the Stock Exchange in the essential foodstuffs of the people.

These good folk never pause to consider that the tenants of their slum property are being poisoned to death and their children lamed from the cradle, or that the blood of the martyrs of wash-tub and needle is the seed of the bank, or that eighteen people died last year of starvation—murdered by food speculators. The day will come when God will put His finger into the collar of the hypocrite's robe and rip it clean down to the bottom.

Young Men and their Wild Oats.

The love of money is the root of all other evils. It is the wealthy who are tempted the greatest to indulge their passions. There are not such waves of immorality and lustful living among the poor. They could not afford the luxuries of lust even if they would. And so it may be that they are virtuous for want of opportunity to be vicious. But for the wealthy there is ample opportunity.

Behind the richly curtained windows of many a Mayfair mansion are held orgies that are reminiscent of Belshazzar's feast. The visitors drop garlands upon their vice, but it is still vice, as black as midnight gloom, with feet rotting with disease, breath foul with plagues, eyes glaring with woe and voice rumbling with the blasphemies of the damned.

There is a tradition which says: "Young fellows must sow their wild oats." It is a legend. Young fellows need do nothing of the kind. But if they sow their wild oats they must not be staggered to find, later, a wilder harvest.

Wind, Women and Wistfulness.

At the conclusion of one of my meetings in a big provincial city a prominent business man came to me and said: "When I was a young fellow I went the pace—women and wine. Later I married a good and beautiful woman. Then I discovered that I was diseased. . . . Any day in the week you can see my two daughters driving out in the car. They are two fine girls, the admiration of all. *But they are both blind.*"

He had sowed the wind. He is reaping the whirlwind.

In our cities there are cesspools of vice where the god of Passion can be worshipped nightly. Some good people will say that this is no concern of ours. It is. Shall I be nervous about a pool of stagnant water lest it breed malaria and be careless when there are thousands of houses devoted to all forms of dissipation which day and night steam with moral miasma, pour out the fiery lava of pollution and desecrate not merely our cities but our homesteads?

When a man or a woman offer their bodies as a living sacrifice to the god of Passion they at once give away infinitely more than they can get in return. And the one who comes off worse is the woman. For a man public opinion can always, by some peculiar mental agility, conjure up an excuse; at the head of the woman all the indignation of the community is hurled.

The Crime of Being Found Out.

Very often that indignation is hypocrisy; in society the indignation is not because a woman is a wanton, but because she has been found out. And the bitterest hater of a fallen woman is the unfallen woman. For a man's sin a woman can find mercy; for a woman's her heart is more cruel than death.

But what of the man who has achieved the downfall of the woman? He is regarded as an apostle of liberty; he is really a libertine.

In the fashionable quarters of our cities walk a thousand such well-dressed libertines. But they are a living pest. Their minds are as corrupt as their bodies, soaked in filth, steeped in uncleanliness, consumed with sin and adrip with loathsome disease. Pull aside their elegant garments and "behold a leper."

The ranks of the devotees of this god are being added to daily. The initiation ceremony is usually the result of reading some impure literature. To young men I say: Beware of the man you meet in the street who, after looking both ways to see if the police are watching, offers to sell you a French novel. Grab him as you would a rattlesnake and call for the police.

Some of the worst literary filth imaginable has been spewed out from across the Channel. I read in the Bible that the Flood covered all the earth, but it must have missed France, for it does not seem as if it ever had a washing. To the false gods already mentioned I add the god of Fashion, at whose altar more people prostrate themselves than can be counted. In practically every strata of humanity this god holds sway. How often have I seen the good folk whose dress is homely—clogs on feet, shawl on head, or dressed in homespun and corduroy—suddenly get inoculated with the germ.

They deny themselves books and their children food in order to ape the butterflies of society. Silk hose, pneumonia blouses and diaphanous gowns have to be paid for with things far more valuable than coin of the realm.

Obedience to Fashion's dictates involves heavy penalties. One of the heaviest is the loss of life due to worry. I have known men with minds capable of mastering great subjects being exasperated by the shape of a cuff-link. I have known a woman to be wrought into an agony of despair because her hat was out of fashion!

Coffin Bankrupts.

Even in death they die fashionably, and are buried fashionably with a great waste of money, senseless pomp and paid-for mourners. Men die in good circumstances but by reason of an extravagant funeral are insolvent before they are buried. Many men would not die at all if they had to wait until they could afford it.

Finally, I want to refer to the god of Pleasure, the majority of whose devotees are the youth of the nation. I am the last man in the world to put a hedge of "Thou shalt not" around innocent pleasures. There is no legitimate pleasure permitted to the non-Christian that religion denies to those who become Christians.

What is wrong these days is the fact that pleasure-seeking occupies too large a part of man's time and capacities. Into the vortex of pleasure home-life, parental influence, health of body and education of mind are thrown. I have heard of a whole family who have given up their house and home and gone to live in a hotel so that they can attend dances, night clubs and other frivolities more often.

Father will, after a time, go down into low dissipation; the son will be tossed about in society, a nonentity; the daughter will elope with the dancing master, while the mother will make pathetic attempts to stay in the glare and glitter. By every art and artifice she will try to keep colour on her cheek and wrinkles off her brow, attempting to remain a belle, whereas she is only a poor miserable butterfly without wings.

The God who Weeps Neglected.

From these false gods the nation must turn if it is to turn to paths of true prosperity. I am convinced that it is only in a sincere worship of the God of Humanity that the human family can find satisfaction. This race and rush after gold, passion, fashion and pleasure is only an evidence of an unsatisfied longing; that longing can find its satisfaction when the human heart finds God.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR SIR,—It is with no wish to embarrass you that I address you on the subject of your first Budget. Yours is a task that no one will envy. Nevertheless, the country, while expecting economy, does not want to see any return to the soulless methods of the Geddes "Axe." Nor does it want to see any attempt at sectional legislation. False economy and class privilege are your twin dangers. I want to see the French debt to us settled satisfactorily. I want to see an end to the ease with which the profiteer puts into his own pocket the reduction in taxation that is meant to benefit the poor. I want to see a really democratic Budget—and I believe you have the courage and ability to produce it.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. H. H. ASQUITH, National Liberal Club.

DEAR MR. ASQUITH,—In common with all thinking observers of the political situation, I believe that there may still be a future for Liberalism. I am beginning to doubt, however, whether you hold the same opinion. Instead of plunging heart and soul into the vital question of reorganisation, you have chosen to take cover in Egypt. You will be very fortunate if, on your return, you find the leadership of the Party still in your hands. JOHN BULL.

To F. B. KELLOGG, Esq., United States Ambassador.

SIR,—Once more I have to call your attention to the scandalous treatment of British visitors to the United States detained at Ellis Island. The latest example is that of Mrs. Webb, an old lady of seventy-four, who, though provided with a proper passport, went through the most horrifying experiences before she was allowed to land. "To be on Ellis Island," says the poor lady, "was literally to be in prison." I beg that you will give your attention to these repeated complaints. JOHN BULL.

To General Sir IAN HAMILTON, 1, Hyde Park Gardens, W.

DEAR SIR IAN.—It was no want of respect for the Glorious Dead which prompted you to exclaim, "How about the living?" That is the question we ought all to have been asking of our hearts and consciences, and I am glad that you found courage in the hour of remembrance to sound the challenge of practical duty. The nation's great unpaid debt to the ex-Service men is a permanent shadow on the Cenotaph which no memorial wreaths can hide. JOHN BULL.

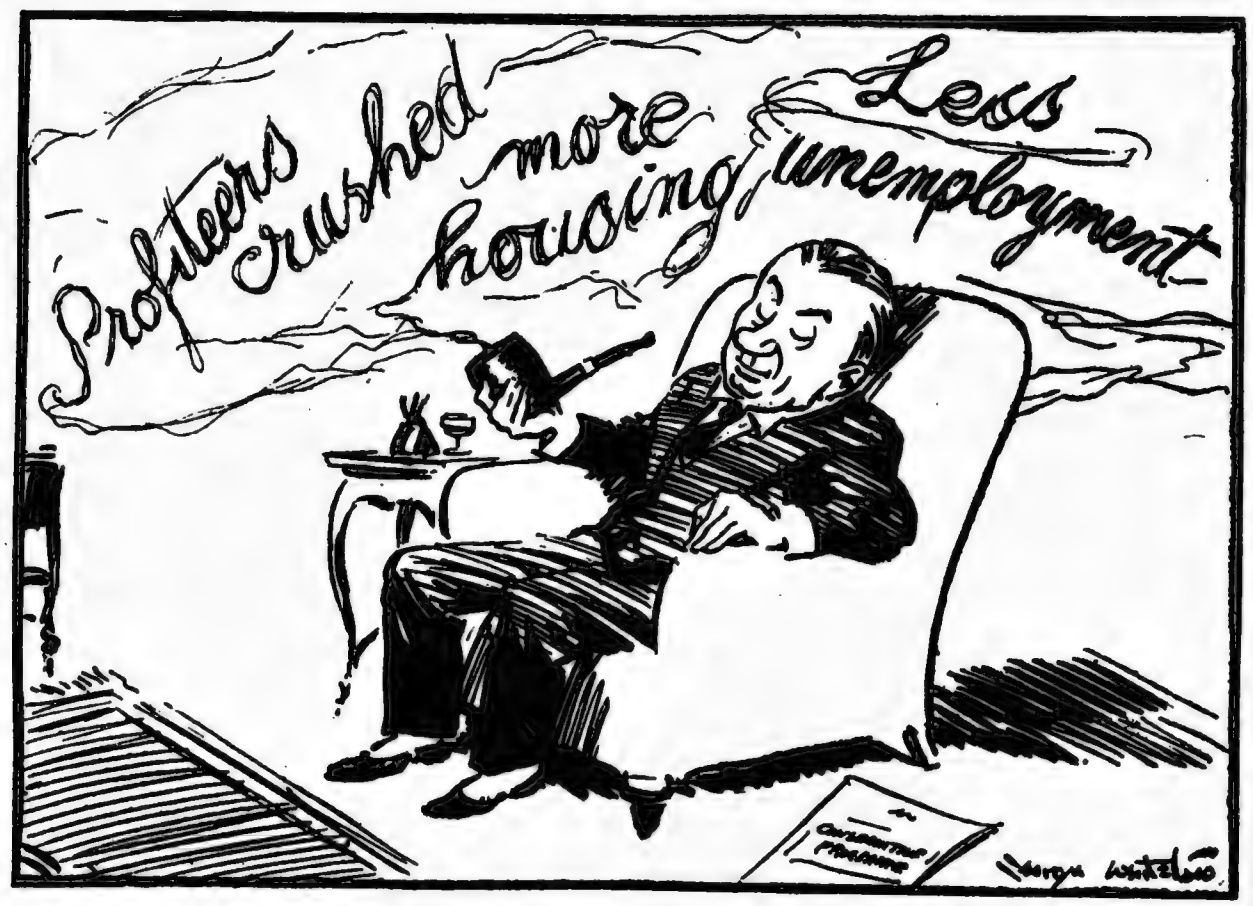
To Major G. C. TRYON, M.P., Minister of Pensions.

SIR,—When you last held your office I was compelled on many occasions to criticise you severely. Red tape and rigid adherence to the letter of the law surrounded your department with an atmosphere I did not like. Your predecessor succeeded in replacing red tape by humanity and consideration for those who surely have a prior claim on the sympathy of the nation, and I trust you will make it your special endeavour to see that this spirit is maintained. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS, Secretary for War.

SIR,—Seeing that the Government owe their accession to office largely to the refusal of their predecessors to agree to an enquiry into the Campbell prosecution, I do not see how you can any longer deny the demand of Lieut. C. H. Glendinning, late Royal Irish Rifles, for an impartial investigation into the circumstances of his removal from the Army. The impression left on the public mind by what has hitherto been published of his case is one of grave injustice. The only way to remove this impression is to grant a public enquiry. If this is not done, the public will naturally conclude that all Governments are alike in their terror of the truth.

JOHN BULL.



"Dream Daddy, Dream Daddy, Wonderful Daddy of Mine."

To Miss BRIGHT ASHFORD, Barrister-at-Law.

MADAM,—I am much impressed by the commonsense of your arguments in regard to newspaper reports of unsavoury cases in the courts. With commendable fairness you recognise that most newspapers exercise a decent restraint in this matter, while for the rest the only real corrective is "an elevated public opinion." Such level-headed reasoning is in pleasing contrast to the ranting hysteria which has been too common in the discussion of this theme. JOHN BULL.

To H. W. DOVER, Esq., Mayor, Northampton.

SIR,—Allow me to direct the attention of your Council to the scandalous conditions that obtain at the Northampton Infectious Diseases Hospital. At this institution there is no electric light, no telephone communication, a literally rotten sewerage system and a general standard of efficiency that would be quite up to date if this was A.D. 1824. There is accommodation for 100 patients, but only accommodation for staff sufficient to deal with fifty patients. Your Council must alter all this immediately. JOHN BULL.

To H. C. PRICE, Esq., Board of Guardians, Romford.

SIR,—It amazes me to find you supporting Victorian ideas. You voted, with a majority of your colleagues, to prevent the nurses whom the Guardians employ from "bobbing" their hair on the grounds that bobbed hair made the nurses look unprofessional, flighty, and frivolous. You forget that the head-dress of a nurse disguises whether the hair is bobbed or otherwise. Besides, it does not matter if they do look unprofessional so long as they are not. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. C. F. ASPINALL, St. Bartholomew's Church, Southsea.

SIR,—Don't you think you are making yourself look more foolish than is necessary? You announce your intention to force bridesmaids to wear the veils that you have in your vestry cupboard should they dare to arrive at the church with head-dress that does not please your unduly æsthetic taste. "Don't let ignorant dressmakers tell you how to wear a veil," you declaim. "They simply don't know." Ordinary people will imagine that a dressmaker knows as much about dress as a parson does. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

GENERAL SIR FREDK. MAURICE:—**It is useless to talk about disarmament, and wrong to talk about the use of force as un-Christian.**

Only when Christians accept the very fact you dispute will disarmament be possible.

* * *

J. R. CLYNES:—**We must regard the Communists as being as definitely our foes as the Conservatives.**

More so, if you are wise, since the Communists pretend to be friends.

* * *

HON. NEVILLE LYTTON:—**The only way to live happily in England in the winter is to hunt four or five days a week.**

Compared with such as you, Zinovieff is an amateur at fomenting discontent.

* * *

ARTHUR HENDERSON:—**The Conservative majority is an anti-Labour majority.**

Nothing of the sort. Anti-Socialist and anti-Communist, if you like.

* * *

LLOYD GEORGE:—**Next time we shall choose our own battleground, and we shall be better prepared.**

You chose the battleground this time. What's the use of pretending?

* * *

SIR ALFRED MOND:—**The country is tired of purely party issues.**

Quite right. Therefore, if you can't help, at least don't hinder.

Without Fear or Favour

OGRES FROM THE ORIENT

Profits and Poverty

IF it is to achieve good results, the Royal Commission on Food Prices will have to improve on the example of some of its predecessors. There must be none of that dilatoriness which too often characterises these solemn enquiries. The Royal Commission must work swiftly and surely. Its Report should be ready before, not after, the next Budget.

It is to be hoped that in the course of the promised enquiry attention will be steadily directed to the activities of the various middlemen. The public ought to know why bananas landed at Bristol at 4s. 6d. a bunch of 140 are retailed in the shops at 2d. each. Who are the parties who share this exorbitant profit?

It is the same with home-grown produce. A man in Hertfordshire marketed radishes at a halfpenny a bundle which his daughter afterwards bought back in a local shop for 7d. a bundle. The housewife is entitled to an explanation of facts like these.

Flour is still rising, and a shilling loaf is threatened before the spring. Yet the milling firms are declaring dividends of anything from 12½ to 30 per cent.

One large retail tea firm has declared a dividend of 22½ per cent., while another shows a net profit for the year of £660,000. Evidently the retailers are waxing fat.

These are the matters into which the Royal Commission must enquire without delay, and investigation must be followed by swift and effective action.

For the Empire

MR. BALDWIN'S announcement makes it certain that there will be a Wembley Exhibition next year. But the Wembley of 1925 must differ from the Wembley of 1924 in one important respect. It must be a financial success. There is no reason why it should not be. It will be a success if it is run as it ought to be, by shopmen and showmen, and if the brass-hats and civil servants who muddled it this year are given permanent leave of absence.

Wembley can be made to pay. It must be thoroughly reconstructed. It has a great body of enthusiastic workers, but they have been incompetently directed. With twenty millions of people passing through the turnstiles, the Exhibition ought not to have been a financial failure.

Once it is recognised that the Exhibition is a show and a shop, which ought to be directed by showmen and commercial experts, a different story will be told. With practically a million pounds of public money involved, the Government should act decisively.

White Girls and Chinese Brutes

INCREASING numbers of Orientals are entering Britain without official permission. Their dens of vice must be closed and their sinister sexual activities abolished. What is the Home Office doing?

IT seems that our repeated exposures of the presence in this country of large numbers of vicious and criminally-disposed Chinamen, have at last awakened the Home Office to an urgent public danger. In the course of recent proceedings at the Cardiff Police Court against five Chinamen accused of being in this country in defiance of the Aliens Order, it was stated that the Whitehall authorities took a grave view of the charge, as they had reason to believe that many Chinamen were landing in flat disobedience to the Home Office regulations.

Rt. Hon. Sir Wm. Joynson-Hicks, Home Secretary.

It was in consequence of a special circular from the Home Secretary that the Cardiff police had engaged in a special "comb-out" of the yellow pests.

Naturally, we welcome this satisfactory outcome of our campaign against the offscourings of the Orient, who have far too long been permitted to enjoy the hospitality of these shores while actively engaging in the worst forms of crime. Having declared hostilities, the authorities must wage this holy war with all possible vigour. There must be no quarter for these yellow pests who traffic in vile drugs and in the souls and bodies of white girls.

THE facts are appalling. In the past few years there have been nearly four hundred convictions of Chinamen for criminal assaults upon white girls of tender years, while as many as six hundred Chinese domiciled in Great Britain have had paternity orders made against them in respect of half-caste babies born to girls under twenty years of age.

No words of ours can heighten the shame of these figures. Perhaps the most sinister fact of all is that some of these degenerate scoundrels have been convicted again and again. Actually, we allow these perverted Asiatics to remain with us although openly convicted as polluters of child-purity. Such laxity is criminal. In no conceivable circumstances should such animals be allowed a second "bite."

In many cases proper enquiries beforehand would prevent these unwholesome Orientals from ever landing in this country. If the Home Office needs stronger powers let it at once demand them from the new House of Commons. Even the above figures, terrible as they are, do not reveal the full extent of the evil. Frequently there are white accessories who shield the yellow pests from the arm of the law.

THE scandal stinks to heaven. What of the houses of ill-fame in our great cities kept exclusively for the gratification of the debauched yellow man? What of the pestering corruption of the Chinese laundries in which no decent girl dare accept employment for fear of becoming an object of scorn and contempt to her friends?

The records of the Rescue Homes prove the truth of our assertions. No British town of any size is free from the taint of these yellow beasts. The Home Office must overhaul its weapons and wage relentless war upon the unclean invader.

We have a right to say that our British girls shall no longer be sacrificed to cosmopolitan greed and Oriental lust.

Industrial Disputes

SOME people profess alarm because Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, the new Minister of Labour, has had less experience of responsible office than some of his colleagues. But Sir Arthur has for a long time been in close personal contact with the industrial and social conditions that now confront him as a Minister, and we have no fear of his failing if only he will follow the paths of courage and conviction.

The greatest danger we foresee is a recurrence of industrial strife. Alarmists are already threatening us with a vast upheaval in which miners, railwaymen, and transport workers will be involved. It is the duty of the Labour Ministry to save us from this calamity by a judicious and timely investigation of the causes that are making for discontent.

It is no use waiting till the strike notices are served before taking action. The time to act is now. It is not the policy of a wise Minister to wait for a crisis, but rather to search out the hidden discontents, and so level the molehills before they become mountains.

We look to Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland to improve upon the policy of his predecessors in this respect. We want the Ministry of Labour to be a breakwater against the surging tide of industrial unrest. If he will replace drift by direction, and establish some permanent yet elastic machinery for the adjustment of industrial disputes, he will soon win his spurs as a Minister.

Lest we Forget

IS the Great Silence to be our only tribute to the sacrifices of the Glorious Dead? The sacrament of silence is beautiful, but if those who are thus remembered could be asked to choose their memorial they would answer with one solemn accord: "Remember also our living comrades who, while we rest, must still fight on."

No fewer than 700,000 men who fought in the Great War are enrolled in the army of unemployed. They gave up their work, many of them, to fight for the freedom of the world, that we might all live in peace and safety.

Have we all forgotten the horror years and the men who stood between us and the enemy?

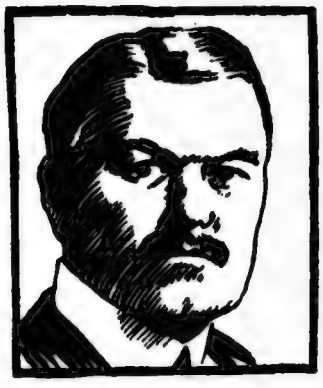
As we stood silent for two minutes on Armistice Day did we remember those 700,000 men in Great Britain who are now without work owing to their great sacrifice?

Let us forget no longer. We owe these heroes a debt that should be paid immediately. Let us each individually help; let us as a nation give them the work and the homes for which they fought.

LAYING THE SPECTRE

by A. G. GARDINER

CONTINUING his advice to Mr. Baldwin, our contributor urges him not to alienate the sympathies of those members of the Opposition who are sincerely anxious for the recovery of our trade. Party should be forgotten, and if the Premier can win the confidence of Labour we shall go far.



Sir Herbert Hambling, who says our chief troubles are profiteering and restricted output.

I LEFT Mr. Baldwin last week with one practical suggestion as to the blank cheque he has received from the country. To-day, if he will allow me again to take an invisible chair by his side, I propose to put before him a few general considerations bearing upon the task of filling up the cheque.

The first point I would impress upon him is that he is no longer the head of a Party, but the head of the State, and that it is not his business to gratify the interests that control his Party, but to consider only the general well-being of the nation. When he comes up for judgment next time, he will not be asked whether he has been a good Conservative but whether he has been a good Briton.

THAT verdict will depend first upon his success in helping to restore prosperity, and next upon his success in removing social discontents. If he can do the first, he can do the second. The slump in trade is the core of his problem. Cure that, and he can cure everything. Fail to cure that and he can cure nothing. It is not true, as a writer has suggested, that governments have nothing to do with trade.

Now the fundamental fact about the trade of this country is that it is world trade, and a settled world is the only condition in which it can function. Therefore, Mr. Baldwin's chief task is to hasten the process of settlement. He starts well in this respect. It is to the credit of the late Government that an immense advance in world peace has been made during the present year. The French are coming out of the Ruhr: France and Germany are negotiating trade treaties; Great Britain and Germany are negotiating similar treaties; Russia has been recognised by Italy, Great Britain and France; Europe has a calmer appearance than it has had for ten years.

LET Mr. Baldwin speed the work. I think he means to do so, and no aspect of his Government gives me more confidence than the reappearance of Lord Cecil to resume his magnificent work on behalf of the League of Nations. We cannot get our trade booming again until Europe is a going concern again. There are some foolish people—Sir Robert Horne is among them—who seem to think we can cut ourselves adrift from Europe and live on the overseas dominions. It is a childish illusion. I rejoice in the trade with the dominions, but for generations it can only be a side-dish of our feast, for the simple fact is that *the people are not there.*

We cannot live without a prosperous Europe—for apart from the trade we do directly with Europe, it is the consumption by Europe which provides a market for the tea of India, the coffee of Brazil, the rubber of the East Indies, the grain of the Argentine, the wool of Australia, and so sets in motion that exchange of commodities which we carry in our ships.

The next consideration I have to put before Mr. Baldwin is allied to the first. Having cleansed the channels, we must be in a position to use them. We are not in the position to-day. Our machine is rusty and water-logged. Our cost of production is too high, and if we are to recover our trade we must get it down. I have in past issues dealt with the various causes of the trouble and the possible remedies. Sir Herbert Hambling, in his address to the Bankers' Conference last week, summarised the causes under two heads, the profiteering of combines and the restriction of output by the unions.

IN regard to the first, I hope that Mr. Baldwin will take immediate action. It must be considered action based upon a survey of the facts. For that survey I hope he will appoint at once a body of experts to enquire into the condition of trade, the causes of the high cost of production and the remedies that can be applied. Let it be a small body of irreproachable and representative character, men like the Governor of the Bank of England, the President of the Iron and Steel Institute, the Chairman of the Trade Union Congress, and so on. And when they have discovered what is wrong, let Mr. Baldwin cut at the causes boldly.

But in all that he does let him show that he has no Party interest in mind, but only the good of the State and the recovery of our industrial well-being. Let Labour be convinced that it is having a square deal. I hear statements to the effect that now that Labour is defeated at Westminster it will provoke trouble in trade. If Mr. Baldwin is wise, and does not follow the foolish advice to pick a quarrel with Labour over the trade union funds, I do not believe that will happen.

Its leaders are constitutionalists and not anarchists, and if they get fair play from the Government they can be relied on not to preach sabotage in the country. I hope that Mr. Baldwin will aim at getting their confidence and good will, for it is chiefly by their help that, while attacking profiteering on the one side, he can expect to cure "ca' canny" on the other.

The Labour leaders know as well as Mr. Baldwin does the mischievous effects of that policy.

There is a more positive way in which Mr. Baldwin can win the confidence of Labour, and that is by showing that he means to attack the causes of social and industrial discontent. I will not refer here to that great question of housing, which is so largely responsible for the embittered feeling of the working classes. I will refer to another cause of discontent. It is the insecurity of life.

The man who has an assured income does not know what life means to the enormous mass of manual workers who live from hand to mouth in employment which a gust of bad trade may interrupt at a day's notice. Conditions like these are the conditions in which resentment, bitterness, and unrest flourish.

LET Mr. Baldwin attack this great problem of insecurity. We have the beginnings of a national insurance scheme. We have old age pensions—at seventy. Let him build upon this structure a great scheme of all-in insurance which will give everybody who labours the feeling that if bad times come he has something to fall back on.

If we want social content we must have a people who have a stake in the country, an interest in its prosperity, a motive to work and a sense that life is just to them.

SEVEN IN C

The housing shortage is responsible for tragedy heaped on tragedy.

THE poisoning of the people's food, which this paper brought to light, has at long last roused the Press, public, and Government to one heinous crime upon the health and lives of the people of Britain. But there is another monstrous wrong which JOHN BULL has consistently exposed, and which has not yet thrilled the country with its even graver and more awful import to the national well-being and efficiency.

The shortage of homes for the people has been the subject of more or less animated debate for the last quarter of a century. At no time within my recollection have we built enough houses to afford decent shelter for our population.

Twenty-five years ago, as I have cause to remember, there came a North Country mechanic to the gates of a South London workhouse, begging that his wife and three children should be admitted. He had got a job in the district, had taken an all-night journey to London, had trudged the streets all day with his family, and had failed to find house or lodgings within his means.

The gate-porter's reply was: "We've no room to spare here either. Why, we've got two hundred more people already than the house is certified for." Even in those days the want of healthy homes for the people was responsible, in London alone, for more loss of life than we suffered in the South African war.

To-day the scandal and vital wastage are aggravated beyond reckoning. Letters to the editor of this paper tell of people who have gone mad and are now confined in lunatic asylums because of the inhuman and bestial conditions to which they have been driven.

Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, our new Minister of Health.

There are consequences even more appalling. I have before me the report of a trial in which a Hereford labourer was charged with assault on three daughters, all under fourteen. He and his wife and family all slept in one room ten feet square. Before they had the luck to secure this "accommodation," they had slept with other people, *seven in one bed!*

At Boxley, in my county of Kent, a labourer who died of acute pneumonia had been living with his wife in a disused stable; the roof leaked, there was no water-supply, there were no sanitary conveniences. And the very philosophic and satisfying verdict was: "Death from natural causes." In another case, at Christian Melford, in Wiltshire (the name of the village is not in-

WE WANT MORE FUN

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER (Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

OUR contributor leaves Scotland out of his consideration. He deals only with the Englishman's nature. But his suggestion that a Government is responsible for the happiness of its people, and that the English people cannot be happy without sports, might also be applied to Scotland.

Lord Wodehouse, who recently in our columns gave his views on British sport.

HALF England is starving. This is the central fact of the political situation. Half England is starving, not for the means of keeping body and soul together, but for the means of natural human happiness. The nature of the Englishman is being starved.

Until our dull and unimaginative politicians realise that the heart of the Englishman, as well as his stomach, is their responsibility, we shall stick in the dreary and unprofitable rut of economics, where politics have stuck so disastrously ever since 1918.

Let the Conservative Government take notice that the nation is sick to death of Reparations, Housing, and Unemployment. We are fed up with them. We want a statesman who can think of something else.

I invite the new Government to break new ground. I invite Mr. Baldwin's team to throw off the economic obsessions of the last six years, and to make themselves a Government of human happiness. In particular I address this invitation to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who is in charge of the nation's health, and who is as bold and courageous a social reformer as ever sat on the Treasury bench.

CONSIDER this single fact. Ever since the war we have paid away millions and millions of money to the unemployed; and there is not a pillar-box or a lamp-post to show for all those millions. They have produced absolutely nothing. They have contributed absolutely nothing to the greatness and happiness of England. For all the good they have done to the happiness and joy of the English people, they might have been flung into the fire of a workhouse or handed over to those incomparable architects of human misery and despair, the Russian Bolsheviks.

Now will any man in his senses deny that it would have been a better investment to double and treble those millions, and to have spent them on profitable works employing all our idle people and providing the means of happiness and joy for the entire population?

The Black Country remains the Black Country. Lancashire is still very largely unfit for human habitation. There is not one slag-heap, much less one paltry slum, the less for all those millions of money. There is not a park, a gymnasium, a bandstand, or a bowling-green to show for all the clerical labour involved in this vast expenditure of treasure. Why? Because statesmen of every Party regarded unemployment as a menace. Not one of them saw it as an opportunity. But what an opportunity it was, and still is, for revolutionising the inhuman social life of our industrial cities!

IN the neighbourhood of our dark manufacturing towns there are many large houses standing in wide parks, the owners of which cannot afford to live there. If these places were bought by the nation, and tramlines were run to their gates, the houses could be utilised as magnificent clubs and the parks turned into the most splendid pleasure-grounds in the world.

Every industrial city would thus possess two or three golf-courses, any number of tennis courts, several grounds for cricket and football, and as many bowling-greens as the older people could desire. There would be an escape from the slum, a diversion from economic depression, and, if the builder got busy on the outskirts of those lovely parks, there would be a new birth of the old English village, with a garden for every cottage and equal sunlight for all.

It is on these lines that political development is proceeding in the United States of America. A friend of mine assures me that there is scarcely a manufacturing city of any size in the States which does not possess its municipal golf-course, sometimes two, and sometimes even three courses. The American mechanic, he tells me, plays golf twice a week for an insignificant fee, and in consequence is one of the best fellows in the world, a well-mannered, genial, and friendly sportsman. He can talk of other things besides political economy. He exercises his body instead of nursing his grievances. He keeps his mind in a state of growth, and doesn't waste his money in feathering the nest of the political agitator.

Now, there is no better sportsman than the Englishman. England is the home of sport. Every Englishman by inheritance, tradition, and instinct, is a sportsman. He was born for the open air, and only in the open air is at his best. But for a hundred years the vast majority of Englishmen have been penned up in brick and stone. They have been shut out from their own natural countryside. Their disposition has been baulked and swindled. Their only escape is once a week to watch other people playing football or cricket. It is a marvellous thing that this robbed and cheated Englishman is not a greater rebel than he is, even as great a rebel as the Russian lunatics would have him to be.

IF the Conservative Government is wise it will take note of these things, and boldly make use of State action to restore the Englishman to his proper setting. Only a little vision is necessary to perceive that a real Government is something more than a referee in a scrimmage between Capital and Labour. A real Government will know that it is responsible for the happiness of its people, and will not need to be told that without sunshine, fresh air, and games no Englishman can be either healthy or happy.

Every city, as Cecil Rhodes saw years ago, should possess numbers of gymnasiums for its young people, but what is even more necessary is that every city should have cheap and easy access to a playing-ground as splendid as its wealth deserves, where women, as well as men, and all the children of the city, can find the means of health and happiness ready to their hands.

IF the trade unions are not as blind as bats, and if they are not taking their orders from Moscow, they will be willing to use their funds in this constructive direction, and to co-operate with the Government and the municipalities in creating a new social life for our industrial population. The intelligent workman is surely getting sick of being messed about by the amateurs of political economy. What he wants is not a line in the books of a trade union, but a place in the sun.

N ONE BED!

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

tentionally ironical), two old people whose united ages amount to 138 years had been ejected from their cottage after twenty years' occupancy. They also went to live in a stable, with a horse as their fellow-lodger. I have a photograph of their home before me. On the wall of the stable hangs a motto: "The Gift of God is Eternal Life."

...n. Neville Chamber-...ur new Minister of Health.

I have a heap of similar records, but can only afford space for a brief summary of the report of the medical officer of health for Monmouthshire. He tells of a father and two sons sleeping in a room, 12 ft. square, with another son suffering from typhoid; in another case, four persons—two males, two females—all suffering from typhoid, shared one damp room; another case, with one sufferer from typhoid, had husband, wife, and three children in one bedroom.

I could go on accumulating horrors on horrors' heads, but must conclude with the famous—or infamous—case reported by Dr. Vincent Shaw, of Hereford.

The doctor states that he was called to bring a child into the world in a broken-down house which had been officially condemned. The newcomer's "world" was a room twelve feet long by nine feet wide, and was already inhabited by its mother, father, and four brothers and sisters, all of whom were present when the "gift of God" entered into its heritage.

The doctor testifies that one of the children "watched me deliver the baby in a very difficult case.

"This child never took its eyes off the mother, and now the look of that child haunts me."

A correspondent who sends us particulars of the case expresses the hope that the eyes of that child shall not only haunt Dr. Shaw, but also His Majesty's Minister of Health "for the rest of his days."

I hope rather that Mr. Baldwin and every member of the new Government will start on his great task and responsibility with a firm resolve that the nation shall be speedily relieved from the haunting reproach of that little girl's horror.

This dreadful thing affects not only Dr. Shaw, not only the Government. It affects the British nation. We who won the war! We, the dispensers of Right and Justice through a quarter of the globe!

Can we afford to let foreigners quote this instance of all our Governments' ineffectiveness?

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The hoe is an efficient instrument for operations which require no great delicacy. The operation of shaving however, requires a smooth even cutting motion. But the razor will most certainly hoe unless the way is properly prepared with the rich lather of Vinolia Shaving Stick.

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The Great Bread Fraud

OUR bread is being doctored and our health undermined because a few wealthy firms control the milling industry of Great Britain. The "staff of life" has become the messenger of disease and death.

by J. ELLIS BARKER *(Author of "Cancer: How it is caused. How it can be prevented")*

THE Government has recently issued a most important report on chemical preservatives in foodstuffs. It discloses the terrible fact that we are given with practically every meal small doses of exceedingly dangerous poisons, which for all we know may have a cumulative action. The report fully confirms the exposures and the warnings which JOHN BULL has frequently published.

Bread, the staff of life, is no longer a trustworthy staff to lean on, and is no longer life-giving. The infamously manipulated bread which we get nowadays is a cause of ill-health, disease and death. Animals fed on modern white bread and water die within a few weeks. Human beings who have endeavoured to live on white bread and water invariably fall severely ill after about two weeks. Animals will survive longer if completely starved of food than if fed on chemicalised white bread and water!

Providence has put into the outer layers of the grain the most precious substances required for our health. The bran and the outer layers of the wheat berry are not only extremely rich in proteins and fat, but they contain also the most wonderful mineral salts and vitamines which are indispensable to us.

Our Toothless People.

These life-giving substances are ground or polished away and are fed to pigs and cattle. We cannot wonder that, being deprived of these priceless minerals which create rich blood, bones and teeth, the nation fed on anæmic bread has become anæmic, weak-boned and rotten-toothed.

Wholemeal bread is a complete food. Animals and men can live indefinitely on wholemeal bread and water and nothing else. It is infinitely better than white bread. But white bread is not so bad if it is properly made, if it contains the whole of the wheat excepting the husk, and if it is free from deleterious chemicals. Such excellent and wholesome white bread is unfortunately almost unobtainable in this country, where food fraud is rampant.

On the Continent the addition of poisonous chemicals to bread is forbidden. People travelling on the Continent enjoy the white bread and rolls they get, and wonder why they cannot obtain similarly palatable and wholesome white bread in this country.

Everlasting Flour.

A few extremely wealthy firms and individuals control the milling industry of Great Britain. They have erected enormous mills at a few ports. They receive their gigantic quantities of wheat from abroad and turn it into flour. These big firms wish to make a profit. They do not want flour to turn bad and be returned to them. They are therefore determined to produce a flour which will keep almost indefinitely without any regard as to whether it is wholesome or unwholesome.

It may be considered as a law of nutrition that fresh food is preferable to stale food, and that the best foods must be eaten fresh because otherwise they will turn bad. That law is proved by the fact that milk, the ideal food, meat, etc., deteriorate rapidly, and that they lose most of their wonderful nutritive characteristics if they are artificially preserved in any way.

Mr. J. Ellis Barker.

The same law applies to wheat and other grain. The life-giving factor seems to lie largely in what one may call the egg and milk of the wheat, in the life-giving germ and in the outer layers which, like egg and milk, cannot be kept very long without deteriorating and becoming unpalatable. These wonderful life-giving elements cause flour to become stale and nasty if kept too long.

It follows that we can have fresh wholesome white bread only by decentralising the milling business, by having a lot of small mills throughout the country which grind the wheat where and when required. It will keep long enough, but such decentralisation is not favoured by the millers who control the trade.

Blowing Up Bread.

The few millers who dominate the milling business give us only the dead, starchy inner portion of the grain which will keep indefinitely. They give us a dead food instead of a live one, and, to increase their profits, they buy cheap grain and bleach it with dangerous chemicals into startling whiteness and often add further chemicals which will blow up the bread and which allow it to absorb additional water.

The bakers are urged from all sides to use "improvers," which again will blow up the bread and absorb additional water. These "improvers" enable the baker to sell water in the form of bread.

I have been attacked by the millers and bakers for criticising their bread. However, the facts given can be proved from their own trade papers. In *Milling*, of October 18, we read a statement from Messrs. A. R. Tattersall & Co. (makers of milling machinery) which runs as follows:—

"There is a growing feeling of distrust among the general public of the way their food, and more particularly their bread, is being doctored and adulterated in order to cover up inferior products and disguise them by improved outside appearance, to the detriment of their real nutritive value.

"The millers have found means of bleaching their flour by the use of such gases as nitrous oxide, chlorine, etc. etc., and of improving the baking strength by the addition of various phosphates, sulphates, acids, etc. etc., which, while their effect on the general appearance of the flour is undisputed, their ultimate effect on the human system is not undeniably beneficial. As a matter of fact, increasing evidence is forthcoming that it is probably harmful to the constitution and is undermining the health of the race."

As soon as the Government has dealt with the crime of adding poisonous preservatives to our food, it must deal with the still greater crime of impoverishing and ruining both flour and bread. A standard must be set. The Government must lay down what bread consists of, what materials may be used.

Lessons for Bakers.

The unfortunate purchaser believes, in buying bread, that he gets ground up wheat and water with a little salt, yeast, etc., added to it. Instead he gets the most worthless portion of the grain, the acid-creating portion, which causes numerous diseases, and the life-giving salts and vitamines are replaced by poisonous chemicals which increase the profits of millers and bakers.

The baker must be told how to make bread, and the addition of any unauthorised material whatever, and the unauthorised abstraction of the most precious portions of the wheat, should be punished with the most severe penalties, with absolutely terrifying penalties.

Fines alone will not suffice. Our milling millionaires will alter their methods and their infamous propaganda through impecunious pseudo-scientists who aid them in their nefarious practice, only if they themselves may be fined into poverty or sent to prison for a long term.

Rigorous legislation giving us a wholesome and pure loaf will by no means injure millers and bakers.

Water in Whisky.

The Government severely punishes men who add water to the beer and whisky they sell, although they may benefit us by preventing us getting unduly merry and elated. They are punished for defrauding the revenue. On the other hand, millers and bakers who defraud our bodies and ruin our health go scot-free. Why?

A

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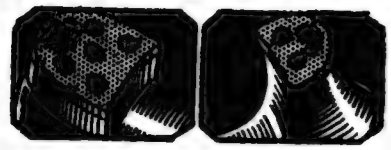

92

And still on his feet.

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Human Documents.

The Blackmailing Husband

And Other Intensely Human Stories and Problems from Real Life

"WHEN I was a girl of sixteen I inherited £200 from my father. My mother, a very meek and gentle woman, had little control over me, as I was very headstrong, and I met a great many undesirable people without her knowledge.

"A man at last persuaded me to marry him secretly, which I did, thinking it was a romantic thing to do. We kept the marriage secret for two years. He was always trying to extort money from me, but I was not unhappy.

"At the age of eighteen I received my legacy. My mother gave me a cheque-book and I immediately drew out the money and ran away with my husband, leaving no clue as to my whereabouts.

"In three months we were penniless. He then told me he had no idea of what we were going to do, and suggested that I should live an immoral life.

"I WAS horrified. Naturally, I refused. We had a terrible scene, during which he informed me we were not really married, as he had a wife living. I refused to believe this, and he produced a marriage certificate to prove the truth of his assertion.

"It looked genuine enough. I felt utterly desperate.

"Of course I left him at once and in a week or two I got a job, in which I remained for some time. Finally, I wrote to my mother and told her I had spent my legacy and was sorry, and if she wanted me I was prepared to return and be a better daughter to her. I did not mention my false marriage.

"She received me with open arms.

"SIX years passed happily. I met a man whom I really loved. He begged me to marry him. I was faced with the question of whether I should confess my past to him—but I dared not risk it, so I was silent.

"We have been married ten years. We have four children. Now, after sixteen years my former husband has reappeared. He tells me I am legally married to him. He is prepared to be silent, provided I pay.

"He is blackmailing me until I am becoming desperate. I do not know what to do. Can you imagine my terrible position?

"I am desperate. I feel that there is a remorseless fate crushing in on me. Can I avoid it?

"And, above all, can you help me in this hour of my need?"

"Humanist" says:—*There is only one thing to do with a blackmailer—stand up to him. Tell your husband, and he will find out the truth. If you are not really married to this blackguard, he will deserve the severest punishment. Even if you are, he should be taught a sharp lesson, and I hope he will get it.*

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

"I HAVE been married for thirty-five years. My wife and I lived happily until she went off with another man ten years ago. He knew she was married. We have a grown-up family, all married, who sometimes visit her in her new home ten miles away. They tell me that she has a good name, and is looked up to in the locality she is now in. Lately, she has been very ill, and from my children's reports she is not long for this world.

Man who Failed

"What am I to do? I still care for her, and if she is taken I would dearly love to bury her beside our departed ones. If I was to claim her she would lose the respect she has gained in the present locality as Mrs. A., and if I allowed her 'husband' to bury her, how hard it would be for me to keep away from her last resting-place.

"In the case of her death, and I wished to claim any insurance, her doctor would have to be asked to give a certificate in her correct name. And before he would do this he would have to learn of her infidelity.

"Who has the greater claim on her after death—her present 'husband,' the man who has made her last few years on earth happy, or I, the man who failed?"

"Humanist" says:—*I should say the man who had made her happy. Don't intrude on his sorrow when the end comes, and don't distress your children by a squabble over their dead mother. If you could not claim her alive is it right to do so when she is dead?*

"A YEAR ago, while filling a post of responsibility in the central offices of a large linen firm, and prompted by the calls of sickness of my wife and child, I was foolish enough to appropriate for our own use a sum of £150. When the loss was discovered I was treated very generously by the directors, for although they told me that dismissal and prison would follow any repetition of the offence, they allowed me to retain my post.

Victim of His Past

"Last month I discovered that somehow a £100 note was missing from the safe, and although I have searched the office from end to end I have been unable to trace it. I cannot say whether it has been stolen or whether careless absent-mindedness on my part is responsible for its disappearance.

"I have said nothing to anyone regarding the matter, for my past lapse will cause my employers to judge, and wrongly so, that I have been stealing again, and I dread the unemployment and prison they formerly threatened me with.

"I know the courageous thing would be to tell the truth as I know it, but with my wife a confirmed invalid, what can I do? My wife, worried into further weakness by this new trouble, suggests it would be better to borrow from a moneylender, rather than reveal the loss, and I think she is right. I have four weeks before my books are examined again, and would welcome your advice."

"Humanist" says:—*Tell your employers the truth. That is your only chance of being believed. Moneylenders are useless; but have you no friends to help—if you decide to replace the money lost by your carelessness?*

"MY father has made a fortune in glue. He rose from the bottom of the ladder and to-day is a wealthy man. He married quite late in life and my mother died when I was a lad. He has never been a bad father to me, and has given me an excellent education; but we have never got on together for the simple reason that he refuses to see any viewpoint but his own.

Pen or Paste-pot

"Now I am very keen on being a journalist. I've often done some scribbling, and have been lucky enough to get a fair amount of stuff accepted by various editors. My idea is to get a post as reporter, if possible, on one of the dailies, and gradually work my way up. I'm certain I could make good.

"The only thing is this: my father is dead against the idea. He wants me to go into his business, and later, of course, carry it on altogether. He is now an old man and not expected to live much longer.

"My father argues that he has educated me and given me everything; now I owe him a debt which can only be repaid by yielding to his wishes and entering on a career which is repugnant to me. If I refuse, he'll simply cut me off and have nothing to do with me. I could grin and bear that, if it were only for myself. But—is it true? Do I owe him such a tremendous debt? Must I sacrifice my dreams for—glue?

"One moment I decide I'll go off and leave him and show him what stuff I'm made of—the next I feel a cad for deserting an old man."

"Humanist" says:—*Everyone is entitled to choose his own career, but in your case, why not compromise? Stick to glue, like glue, and write in your spare time. After your father's death you could sell out and take to journalism. But make sure first that you are able to write well enough to live by your pen*

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in Mr Dennis Overcoat.
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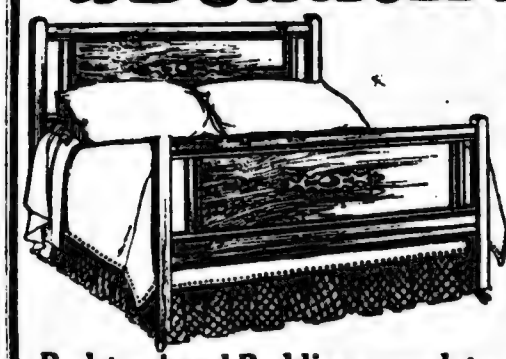

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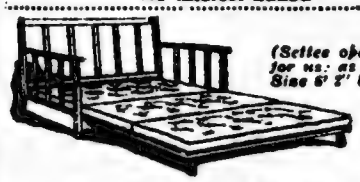

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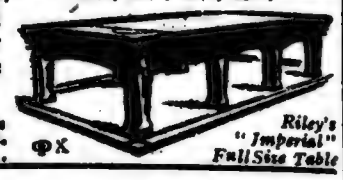

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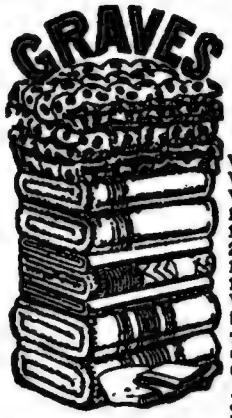

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(Continued from page 22)

Unmarried Mother.

"I am unmarried, and have two children. Their father wants to marry me, but we are very well known in this city and everyone thinks we are already married. I am afraid of the consequences if it becomes known."

The only way out of your difficulty is for you to be married by licence in another town. In that case, one of you will have to reside in the district for at least fifteen days preceding the date of the notice of the marriage.

The Spendthrift.

"A young married woman of twenty-three, with two dear little children, I regret to say my husband is a spendthrift and will not save anything for sickness or a rainy day. I have appealed to his better nature, but all in vain. Should I tell his parents, who are rather strict? He would probably heed them."

Have a talk with your husband, and if he still finds it impossible to turn over a new leaf, try to manage by yourself. It is hard, but not impossible. You should certainly not run to his parents and tell tales. Fight your own battles.

Troublesome Father.

"A girl friend of mine was forced to leave home through the brutality of her father. She found lodgings, but her father worried the life out of her, and she was forced to change again. She is now living with my married sister, but her father has found her out once again, and is starting his old tricks. What steps can she take in the matter?"

Your friend can live where she chooses, as she is over the age of sixteen years. As regards the annoyance that her father causes, the best thing she can do is to appeal to the police for protection.

Menacing Moneylender.

"A girl friend of mine borrowed £5 from a moneylender a short time ago. She is being charged 3s. in the pound per week, making 15s., and cannot keep up the payment. What should she do?"

Tell her parents at once. She must not go on paying such a rate of interest. Her father will deal with the moneylender. We tell on another page of this issue the tragic story of a woman who got into the hands of moneylenders. Your friend will not want to suffer as this other unhappy woman did. We are doing our best to curtail the activities of these parasites.

Bad Building.

"I was called upon to carry out a contract for a local firm of manufacturers and observed during the work clear evidences of structural defects. I reported my doubts to the responsible official some months ago, and the architect stated he should certainly make a report about it. Whether he did or not I do not know, but the fact remains that nothing has been done."

If you are still associated with the firm you should bring the matter once more to their notice. If it is again shelved, there is nothing further that you can do. Perhaps things are not so bad as you thought.

Dead or Alive?

"Married very young, I soon found I had made a terrible mistake. While I was away nursing my sick mother my husband sold our home, leaving me with a baby a few months old. He turned up again after the war, promising to make amends, but soon went back to his old ways, and eventually cleared out with another woman. A few weeks ago I heard he was dead, but cannot get to know anything definite. What can I do?"

If you know the town in which your husband was living, you should communicate with the police in that district. Failing this, I would suggest that you write to Somerset House, who will forward you a certificate if the death has been registered.

Words Winged to Women

Those Outlaw Children

by The HON. MRS. CORFIELD, O.B.E.

LOOSENED as it was in the war, and all that accompanied the war, the pendulum of authority in the home has naturally swung too far in a contrary direction; but I would say at the outset that I am not a pessimist in this matter.

We have to realise that the generation just grown up, or the one that is growing to manhood and womanhood, is markedly different from ours, and that it needs careful study and wise understanding. So it behoves parents and teachers alike to cultivate this spirit and so realise the demand of youth in their newer attitude towards it. An atmosphere of understanding, of frankness and of sympathy often achieves more than direct teaching. It is what they see, rather than what they are told, that has always the greater weight with children. They are at times very difficult, I admit, and sometimes I find it impossible to fathom even the modern schoolgirl, to say nothing of the modern emancipated Miss. With these, and the majority of our young fledglings to-day, there is a lack of quietness and a marked want of sympathy in the home.

The Hon. Mrs. Corfield, O.B.E., President of the Mothers' Union Diocese of Bath and Wells.

IT is the want of sympathy and restfulness in the home that undermines much of its discipline. There is too much that is artificial, and the back is turned on old truths. We must restore the restraining influence of discipline, but this must be based on love and mutual understanding.

We must never forget that each child in the family circle is a personality, not merely a plaything and pet, but a future citizen, whose character and its development will depend upon the intelligent and understanding service we devote to it now.

Much, of course, depends upon the resources and environment of the home, and this in turn depends upon the circumstances of the parents. The child must be cared for physically, given good food and live in healthy surroundings, and receive a good education.

Children soon realise that they belong to a community. The home life, on a small scale, is the life of the State. There must be laws and government, or all is chaos. In the excellent Boy Scout and Girl Guide movement young people of all classes have to observe laws, put before them in such an interesting way that they are readily carried out. Home laws can be observed in a similar way.

NOTHING should be arbitrary, but certain duties should be demanded from the young people, and they, if put upon their honour, will usually take pride in their task. I would even suggest that as the children grow older the parents should endeavour to grow younger.

Beyond simplicity there is a more serious loss in home life. It is the want of spiritual authority; get that in the home again, and its laws will be obeyed. Lawlessness will depart. Family prayers are now out of date; in far too many cases religion is not inculcated in the family circle. Without it, children will grow up a danger to society.

Yet we can turn with thankfulness to many homes, rich and poor alike, where touch is kept with modernity and children enjoy freedom that is not abused; there is sympathy and understanding between parent and child. Things go right in the home where the soul, as well as the body, of the child is cared for.

One Thing After Another

CONVERSATION between a very worried-looking man and a very happy-looking man:

WORRIED ONE: "My God, what a life! Nothing but trouble, trouble, trouble—and then more trouble!"

HAPPY ONE: "It's not so bad as all that, old man. There's always a silver lining, you know."

W. O.: "I've heard that before, but it never comes along in my case."

H. O.: "Well, what *is* your trouble?"

W. O.: "It's not *one*; it's half a dozen troubles!"

H. O.: "Oh!"

W. O.: "Yes. First of all, I don't know whether this is the best time to sell my business. Then I'm worried because I can't get my disability pension. A fellow wants to sell me some shares, and I think they're dud. My fiancee seems inclined to turn me down, and I don't know what to do about it. And, finally, I'm troubled about a legal matter!"

H.O.: "Yes, you seem to be in the soup. But you can settle all your problems easily!"

W. O.: "How?"

H. O.: "Write to JOHN BULL about them!"

W. O.: "JOHN BULL?"

H. O.: "Certainly. They have a wonderful Advice Service that exists solely for the purpose of solving readers' problems. It's staffed, I believe, by men and women who know life as it is."

W. O.: "But what do they charge for their advice?"

H. O.: "Nothing—not a bean! You simply state your worries and problems, enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply, and they do the rest."

W. O.: "But it's marvellous. Have you written to JOHN BULL about anything?"

H. O.: "Didn't you wonder why I was so happy? Once I was as worried as you are. Then I accepted this wonderful offer of our greatest national weekly. I haven't any worries now!"

W. O.: "By Jove! I'll take your advice. I'll write to JOHN BULL to-night. I might have known old 'J. B.' would stand by its readers."

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The Best Bet for the

Manchester's Gamble—The Honours of 1924—Lord Derby's Liverpool

NOW that the Flat is on its last legs I should like to thank the thousands of JOHN BULL readers who have followed my notes throughout the season and have written to me asking for Turf advice. Occasionally I have been kicked—most sporting writers are when the inevitable run of bad luck sets in—but, as the bouquets have far outnumbered the bricks I am quite satisfied.

A Letter from the Midlands.

It is not easy to beat the bookmakers, particularly when the fields are large and the Charley's Mounts come rolling home.

However, it can be done, and a Midlander tells me that he has had an exceptionally good year. I reprint his letter.

November 13, 1924.

Dear "Silver Ring."

The Flat racing season is almost at an end and I must now thank you for the splendid winners given in your code selections. It is the best year I have had for forty years, and I have had some good ones. I am going with some friends to see the Manchester November Handicap and I hope you code the winner. You started off well with Master Robert in the National, which I backed. May you end up as well at Manchester. Again thanking you, O. D.

The Manchester November.

Last year I took 40 to 1 Orpi for the Manchester November Handicap, and on the night before the race shook hands with myself—Orpi's price was 100 to 7 and I knew he was fancied. The following day the race was abandoned owing to fog, and I got my money back. I would rather have had a run.

Back Vaudricourt.

I hope my selection, Vaudricourt, will have better luck this year, but I am afraid the son of Willonyx will not be a long price. He is a greatly-improved horse, and with only 6st. 12lbs. to carry, is almost bound to be with the fighters at the finish. It is a point in Vaudricourt's favour that his connections decided to miss the Atherstone Handicap at Leicester last week rather than incur a 7lb. penalty. If there is any necessity for me to revise this selection I will do so in the code.

Lord Derby's Liverpool Cups.

A racing man asked me the other day if I knew what Lord Derby did with his Liverpool Cups. I do not, but they would more than cover a sideboard. Sierra Leone's victory, which, by the way, was predicted in JOHN BULL, makes the seventeenth of these trophies Lord Derby has captured.

Quoth the Punter—

Quoth the Punter, with conviction: "I have got a predeliction Turf successes are a fiction—

"Punters never seem to score.

"Now the Flat is nearly ended my resources are expended. Curse all tips, however splendid!

"I'll back horses nevermore!"

Quoth the Bookie, laughing gaily: "I've just heard from poor Bill Bailey. He has done with backing daily—

"Seems to be a trifle sore.

"Says the Turf's a busted bubble, punting leads to toil and trouble. *Send our lists for the Spring Double*—

"That'll teach him 'Nevermore!'"

Quoth the Punter: "I must sever from the Turf now and for ever. I won't touch it, never NEVER!"

("What's that letter by the door?")

"Seems to be my bookie's writing. Great Spring Double! That's exciting! Gosh! These prices *are* inviting!

"Really, I must try once more!"

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

Warwick, Wednesday,
ANCHORSHOLME, DESERT STAR.
Manchester, Thursday,
FERDIA, KIWI.
Friday,
HANGING FIRE, BRIGHTER LONDON.
Saturday,
VAUDRICOURT, WANDERING MONK.
Lingfield, Saturday,
BELLMAN, DALKEITH FILLY.

The Honours of 1924.

The honours of 1924 go to the Aga Khan, his trainer, R. C. Dawson, and Elliott. The Eastern potentate has captured nineteen prizes valued at £44,377, and unless I am much mistaken he will beat this record next year. His nearest rival, Lord Derby, has twice as many victories to his credit but although they include Sansovino's Derby, his prize-money is over £6,000 below that of the Aga Khan. "Dick" Dawson has netted twenty-six races and close on £50,000 for his patrons, but several trainers have sent out more winners. Cottrill heads the list with sixty-six. Finally, there is Elliot the champion jockey, who has made amends for his vexatious dead-heat with Donoghue last season. By the end of the season Elliott will have ridden nearly six-hundred horses. At the moment of writing one-hundred and seven of them have won.

The Aga Khan, who heads the list of winning owners.

Dawson City's Rheumatism.

Several weeks ago I was told that Dawson City was a certainty the next time out. Next time out was the Cambridgeshire and, as everybody now knows, the colt ran a good fourth. Dawson City came over from Ireland early this year with a fine reputation which, unfortunately, he has not maintained. The horse suffers from rheumatism, and I should think this is the root of the trouble. If Basil Jarvis can effect a cure the son of Spearmint will develop into a splendid handicapper, and may easily run away with the Lincoln. His case would be very similar to that of Granely. Granely was

FORECASTS FOR NOVEMBER 29.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.
*Birmingham, *Bolton, *Cardiff, *Leeds, Sunderland, *Spurs, W. Bromwich.

DRAWS.
*Burnley v. Bury, *Everton v. Huddersfield, *Notts C. v. Blackburn, Preston v. Manchester C.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.
*Chelsea, *Clapton, Palace, Leicester, Portsmouth, Wednesday, *Stockport, Stoke.

DRAWS.
Manchester U. v. Derby, *Oldham v. Fulham.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNER—*Millwall.
AWAY WINNER—*Watford.

DRAWS.
Bournemouth v. Reading, Swindon v. Northampton.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNER—*New Brighton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.
*Aberdeen, *Celtic, Morton, Queen's Park, *Rangers.

AWAY WINNERS.
*Hamilton, Hibernians, *Airdrieonians.

DRAWS.
*Dundee v. Raith R., *Hearts v. Falkirk.

(For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

Too Much Safety-First

AS a spectacle, professional football undoubtedly is declining. That is the opinion of everyone who has been interested in the game for twenty years or more.

I have before said that one reason for this is that the standard is not what it used to be. And you cannot wonder at this when you realise that the demand for the paid player has enormously increased, and the real talent is much more distributed.

Defence a Fetish.

My latest grievance against the average pro is that there is too much of the safety-first about his football. Were you for once in a way to get two teams who were tempted to throw all the known combinations of defence to the winds, you would have a match of real thrills.

This, of course, would be going to the other extreme. Defence is just as important a part of the game as attack; if it were not, where would Birmingham be instead of being among the leaders of the First Division?

Playing for a Draw.

But the point I wish to emphasise is that 80 per cent. of visiting teams go on to the field with the object of not being beaten. When they get away with one point they seem to think they have done all that can be expected of them.

I don't mean to say they don't try to win; far from it. But you can spot in their general methods the desire to stop the other side scoring rather than set up an adventurous attack which might lead to goals.

In nine games out of ten the home side is always the more enterprising, if only for the reason that their supporters more or less demand it, and without it the two needed points are not gathered in.

Therefore in most games you have one side trying to win and the other side trying not to lose, which is the same thing altogether different.

And so the football is never, or seldom, so attractive as it would be were both teams to disregard caution for sheer adventure.

Enter the Cup.

It will be seen from my list of forecasts for next week-end that there are very few fixtures in the Third Division of the League.

The reason is that a lot of clubs in the two sections of this division are engaged in the fifth qualifying round of the Football Association Cup, or the English Cup as we are all used to calling it.

These early ties are not particularly interesting to the public, but they are

Last Big Race

Cups—N. H. Hints—Horses to Follow

a fine two-year-old. In his second season he suffered from internal trouble, and was useless. He changed hands and went into Cottrill's stable. The Seven Barrow's trainer diagnosed the complaint and Granely romped home with the Lincoln at 20 to 1.

Hints for the National Hunt.

Back the favourites during November and December.

Prices will be short, but small fish are sweet.

Follow F. Hartigan at Kempton and Hurst Park.

The Weyhill trainer makes a speciality of the Park courses.

Keep an eye on the Flat racers who are put over the sticks. They are fighting fit.

The jockey to follow is Major Doyle.

Remember the code selections. They showed a profit of over thirty points last season. Back them each way.

JUMPERS OF NOTE.

Winnall.—The unlucky horse of last year's Grand National gave a fine exhibition of jumping in the Grand Sefton at Liverpool, but was not quite cherry ripe. The gelding should be made an each way investment every time he runs.

Gyroscope.—Unless I am very much mistaken, this rookie will capture a number of hurdle races. He made short work of the useful Red Cyder at his first attempt.

Snipe's Bridge.—Enter this ten-year-old gelding in your note-book as one to follow in 'chases of three miles, or over.

Auchinrossie.—The last time I saw this mare run was at Lingfield early this year and I was very impressed by her rare battling powers. She landed over the final fence six to eight lengths behind the leader, Clashing Arms, and to the stupefaction of the onlookers beat him in the run in. She is one to follow for the coming season.

Frills.—One of Poole's gigantic string of leppers. Frills has captured her last two races—both two-mile selling hurdle events—and the Lewes trainer has bought her in at the subsequent auctions.

Ardeen.—The Liverpool country is notoriously difficult, but Ardeen put up a fine performance to finish second in the Grand Sefton. He should be followed every time over the park courses.

Prince Sadim.—Mr. Meyrick Good, who has on several occasions read the big races for the King, owns this flat racer and hurdler. Prince Sadim is good under both codes and will pay the punters who follow his fortunes.

Beyrob.—A certain winner of a two-mile hurdle race. A few weeks ago he just failed to give Prince Sadim 37 lbs. This was asking the impossible.

Emphatic.—Mrs. H. McKenna owns this useful two-mile hurdler and her husband trains him. He is a rare money-spinner and last time out beat a good field, which included Front Line and West Countryman.

SILVER RING.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Birmingham Mail, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle and Chronicle Mid-day (Manchester).

A X E V R M U 3 O H J T K I

2 W S Q P C L Y G B N Z D F

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. I G P S X 2 P J S K would read FOREWARNED.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from November 19 to November 25 inclusive.

Football

Visiting Teams whose chief aim is a drawn game.

vital to the professional clubs who are not exempted from the Cup until the competition proper, when sixty-four teams start off on the quest to Wembley.

Progress to the competition proper means all the difference between a good financial season and a bad one to a score or more of the lowly League clubs, and their anxiety to get through the qualifying rounds can readily be understood.

Some Prospects.

Notts County are due at Huddersfield, and I am going to suggest that the champions will come into their own again and score a couple of goals against what appears to be one of the best tactical defences in the country. In which case Huddersfield should win.

Birmingham probably fancy their chance of beating Newcastle United at St. Andrews, but I'm sure the Cup-holders have only to touch their Wembley form to check the unexpected advance of the Midland team.

The big game in the Second Division is the clash at Blackpool between the seasiders and Manchester United. Since so many big clubs have been angling for Bedford, the Blackpool centre has not been finding the net with his customary facility, and he will do well if he penetrates the rock-like defence of the United.

I am all out for United to gain promotion, but I have no doubt but that they will be very well satisfied if they come away from Blackpool with one point.

But Derby County have nothing to do, so to speak, against Stockport and Stoke respectively. Therefore, the Second Division table should, so far as the leading positions are concerned, be very much the same on Saturday night as it was last week-end.

The Rangers are particularly anxious to meet St. Johnstone on the latter's ground, as their grip on the Scottish League Championship is anything but a secure one.

Further, both Airdrieonians and Hibernians, who are seriously challenging the Rangers for the leadership, both look safe for a couple of home points. Also Celtic are as likely as not to gain an away victory over Third Lanark.

WEEK-END COUPS.

7 HOME.—Derby, Middlesbro, Portsmouth, Southend, Walsall, Airdrieonians, Hibernians.
5 HOME.—Derby, Portsmouth, Southend, Airdrieonians, Hibernians.
3 AWAY.—Chelsea, Brighton, Rangers.
3 DRAWS.—Arsenal v. Sunderland, Blackburn v. Bolton, Blackpool v. Manchester U.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Derby, Airdrieonians, Hibernians, Brighton, Rangers.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Airdrieonians, Rangers, Blackpool v. Manchester U.

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BRONCHIAL AILMENTS

Those to whom winterly weather means a return of their old enemy bronchitis will find Peps an inestimable boon.

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Yours faithfully, R. E. B.

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Our Letter Parliament

What is Love?

Our Readers Air their Views on This and Other Subjects

Husband First.

I am amazed that a woman could write such a letter as Mrs. P.'s, of Bristol. I have been married thirteen years, and my husband and I are still lovers. I have one little boy but my love for my child does not exceed the love for my husband. All marriages are not failures, therefore this lady should not class all the same.—(*Mrs.*) *Ellen W. Balchier, Aldershot.*

The Happy Years.

Mrs. P., of Bristol, states in her letter that she has yet to know the woman who has any love for the man to whom she is tied. Well, I love my husband with all my heart. I was married five years and then he was taken from me, but during those years I never heard a cross or unkind word. He was goodness itself to me; and those years were the happiest of my life.—*Mrs. Lucy Eva Stone, Cromer.*

A Grim Reality.

Love is a fable, says one of your readers who tells of her own unfortunate position in life. But there will be many who will disagree with this verdict. Love is *not* a fable. It is a beautiful—and sometimes a terrible—reality. It is the real moving force of the world; religions may change, habits and customs may alter, but love will continue to draw men and women together to the end of time. It is that which brings sweetness and sorrow into life. I really believe that love is life itself. Without it we should all be nowhere.—*Fred Gares, Ripon.*

As You Like It.

I would not go so far as to say that love is a fable. It is anything but that. It is a nightmare! I think there are more tragedies and crimes caused through love than anything else. I am afraid people have come to regard a purely physical attraction as love, and the real love of selflessness and sacrifice is as out of date as the crinoline. Granted that some people manage to capture love, marry, and continue happy, the majority of us find the whole thing rather a mockery. Love is for the young—and believing!—*Sarah W., Glasgow.*

No Fable.

Your correspondent who says that love is a fable is apparently only referring to physical love, which is what so many people marry for, and which, in the very nature of things, cannot last. The marriage of true minds is founded on mutual understanding and sympathy, and where physical attraction is added to these, you have love which is a reality and no fable. There are so many degrees of love, and to write love down as a failure because you have found, and lost again, only one degree of it, is to make a great mistake. As one who has been happily married for twelve years, I know something about it.—"*Ethel,*" *Dulwich.*

For Better or Worse.

I assure your reader that I am a woman that loves the man I am married to, although everything has not been smooth sailing. I have experienced a lot of hardship since I married him thirteen years ago. He had a family by a previous marriage, and I have had a lot to contend with, poverty included. Now I have a family of my own, and my husband has been unemployed two years and seven months through sickness. I took him for better or worse, and I still love him as much as I love my children.—*Mrs. O., Leigh.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Thistles and Corn.

Love is the oldest story in the world, but infinite in the variety of its telling, and beautiful, since it is not fable, but truth. Your reader gets no love from her husband. Why? The answer is in her own statement that she has felt no love for him. The joy we get *from* life is in proportion to the amount of joy we give *to* life. If you wish to reap corn, do you sow cow-thistles?—"*Madox,*" *Canonbury.*

Love Triumphant.

I loved my hubby before we were married, when he was out of work before baby was born, and after he got work. When we had four children he went to France and I nearly broke my heart, but he came back safe after three years. Now we have four more babies. I love our eight children but I (like thousands of others) love best the man I'm "tied to."—*E. M. Rose.*

Balance Sheets, Please!

Your exposure of the mismanagement of the National Sailors' Society more than ever emphasises the need of a law requiring every charitable institution to make public a detailed balance sheet. There is no better responder to the call of charity than the British public, but the rotten administration of one or two of these charities may blight the cause of the many genuine ones. — *Jack H. Parkinson, Southsea.*

The Common Enemy.

I am very glad to see how consistently you attack the blood-sucking profiteer. The profiteer does not of necessity sit in high and "un-get-at-able" places. He abounds everywhere—in every town, village and street. If we are to wait for political intervention in this matter we shall wait until we are blue in the face. It is up to every one of us to take up the cudgels, and the first profiteer to strafe is the offending local shopkeeper.—*John Clifford, Bristol.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—"After thinking rapidly in his native tongue, he SHOOK HIS HEAD in EXCELLENT ENGLISH, without the slightest trace of a CHINESE ACCENT."

"ALDINE LIBRARY":—"And so with love and FEAR and hope in their hearts, the giant and Sherwood's king had gone FEARLESSLY on."

"BURY FREE PRESS":—"The bride's mother was robed in a dress of black and silver brocade, with black hat and bouquet of PALE BLUE YELLOW flowers."

"SPORTS TELEGRAPH":—"Although Portsmouth Rovers are STILL WITHOUT A WIN, they are a team who give nothing away. Out of four games they have WON THREE."

"EXPRESS AND STAR" (Birmingham):—"All the posters and placards surrounding were of such a nature that they were calculated to make one's FISH creep."

Pure Food Wanted.

Many things must be done, and done quickly, by the new Government before the poisoned food evil, which to a great degree ruins the health of the nation, can be abolished in this country. For instance, as Sir Kingsley Wood pointed out in his recent article, we must have a greater number of food inspection centres and a stricter examination of food before we can possibly hope to bring the murderous food poisoner to book, and before we can become a healthy nation.—*Johnson, Newport.*

Sisters of Sin.

Why blame lack of sex knowledge for the downfall of a girl? More blame is due to the Press and the pictures, who treat a fallen girl as a heroine. Nature will safeguard a girl in her hour of danger if she would heed the common instincts of modesty. I maintain that any girl over ten years knows what is right and wrong. Away with the halo of sentiment regarding unmarried mothers! They must be taught not to lower the standard of womanhood. Often other pure women have to pay for their sin.—"*A Girl.*"

Death on the Line.

In reference to your paragraph *re* the automatic locking of railway carriage doors between stations, I am convinced that so doing would be a blunder. The deaths from falling from carriage doors is so minute a proportion of the passengers carried that to lock all doors and thus prevent an easy exit in case of accident would probably be the cause of more deaths than at present. Especially is it necessary to be able to open a carriage door easily in case of fire following a railway smash.—*F. C. Thomas.*

How We Get Milk.

I have seen cows milked at the side of a country road by what appeared to be casual assistants who had not washed since getting up. The pails lay about the road till the job was finished. During the work the milkers were struggling with each other to "have a go," as though the whole business were a huge joke. Not until we educate the farmer to a proper conception of the bacteria normally in milk, their prevalence on all common objects, and also until we augment his punishment for neglect, shall we get pure milk.—"*Scientific,*" *Oldham.*

Local Rates Relief.

Is it not time that the whole system of local rates assessments was overhauled? Under the existing law, owners bear the rates on property irrespective of income, which, in the case of working-class people, widows and others with restricted incomes, is often a great hardship. We are apt to grumble at having to return a small part of our salary or wages in the form of income-tax, but this is only payable if certain exemption limits are passed. Some such consideration should be extended to the ratepayers.—*Miss G. Richardson, Stafford.*

Christ's Ministers.

"Presbyterian" would not err so grossly in his wholesale condemnation of the average parson if he took the trouble to ascertain the facts. No man ever enters the Christian ministry *primarily* for a stipend, but to preach and practise the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. Further, the average Nonconformist church cannot see how its minister *must* (like other workmen) have the bare necessaries of life, "and something more," that he may the better minister to it in the things of the spirit.—(*Rev.*), *Chas. H. Taylor, Cockfield, Bury St. Edmunds.*

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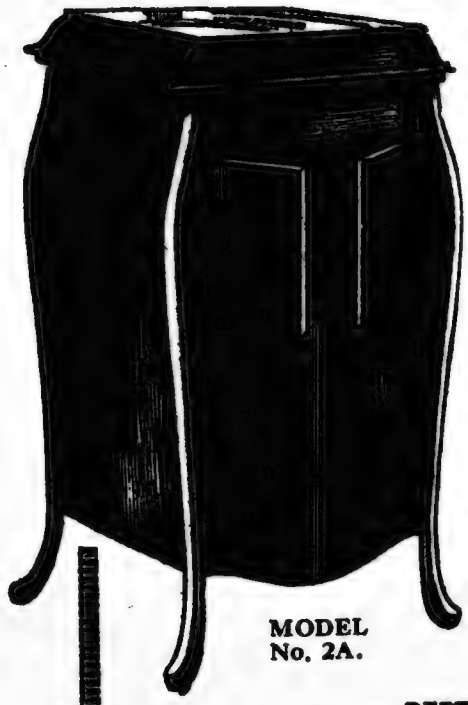

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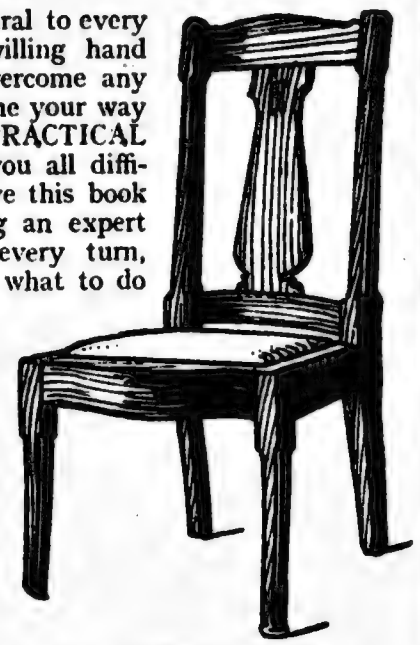

Full instructions and diagrams are given for this dining-room chair on pages 868—871 of the PRACTICAL WOODWORKER, so that any amateur can make it with complete success

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Here is an Easy £ Competition
£100 First Prize
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THE FIRST PRIZE IS £100

Second Prize - - £50	20 Prizes of £5 each and
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All you have to do.

We want a "slogan" in one sentence or phrase. Think of a better phrase to describe the merits of Victory "V" than "Victory 'V' for cold journeys." Write your phrase on a postcard and underneath your phrase put your name and address and the sweet shop showing a Victory "V" sign. Buy some Victory "V" and ask the shopkeeper to initial your card. Then post it to us. Have as many shots as you like, providing that you buy some Victory "V" each time and get the shopkeeper whose name you give to initial your entry.

Entries will be judged by the Managing Director of this Company and the Managing Director of our advertising advisers, H. Cecil Taylor, Limited. Their decision will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into concerning this competition. Closing date, FEBRUARY 28th, 1925—but start sending your ideas to-day. You MUST address entries to:—No. 7 Competition, Fryer & Co. (Nelson), Ltd., "Victory" Factories, Nelson, Lancs.

Victory-V

FOR COLD JOURNEYS

TESTED JB

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DIGESTIVE TROUBLES SO SOON GET WORSE

Few complaints get serious more quickly than digestive troubles, and none get better more readily if the right treatment be used. If the experience of doctors, hospitals, and the general public the world over for years past counts for anything, the right treatment is certainly the use of Bisurated Magnesia. This preparation neutralises the trouble-causing acid the moment it enters the stomach, thus stopping all trace of fermentation, gas and pain. Let Bisurated Magnesia help **you.** It is readily obtainable at any chemists at 1s. 3d. a package, either powder or tablets, and to ensure your getting the genuine product, the word "Bisurated" is printed boldly on the wrapper of every package. TESTED JB

"AND NOW SHE'S SO SLENDER!"

"Did you ever see such a change in any one? Grace used to be positively stout. Now she's one of the smartest dressed women I know. She must have done something to regain her youthful figure."

She did do something. Realising that her success and charm depended upon a slender silhouette, she used Marmola Prescription Tablets.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are the pleasant way to reduce. Without diets or exercises, you can regain your slender healthy figure again.

Thousands of men and women each year regain slender figures this way. So can you.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by chemists everywhere at 3/- per packet, or you can secure them direct from the Marmola Co. (Dept. J.B.4) 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. 1. TESTED JB

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I was bald. My hair grew anew as shown in the portrait. Many persons both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by a compound used by American Indians. This contains genuine bear oil, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant, and other potent ingredients.

Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to—

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Bring the teeth to my address and cash will be paid to you over the counter or fill in coupon, and I will send you

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Sir,—Please send to me an addressed box for sending Old Artificial Teeth that I have for disposal, on the clear understanding that you will return the teeth to me, post paid, if I do not consider your cash offer satisfactory.

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Postage 1d., if sent in open envelope.

Motoring for the million

'Buses and the Family

by MOTOMAC

SOME of my readers inform me that the great decision has been made and that they will be proud owners of their first car on January 1. They would not have waited till then but for the fact that car buying even when engineers are out of work is treated as a criminal offence and the offenders duly fined by the powers that be in the shape of the h.p. tax.

We may hear any day that the motor industry is just sufficiently efficient to require some safeguarding. Tariffs, we are told, never raise prices, especially when internal competition exists, but other good reasons are always forthcoming to account for the advance.

There is, however, no getting away from the fact that the lifting of the Duties brought down prices to rock-bottom level, and to be on the safe side you should buy at once. And there is always the consolation that by doing so you are easing unemployment.

There is all the more need for haste, if for some reason you fancy something from overseas. Most of us can get all we want at home, but there may be just that little something about a Continental make which you desire. It is not the proper function of Governments to stand between us and our choice.

FOR instance, I felt particularly drawn to the Ceirano, a product of the S.C.A.T. factory, not only on account of its pedigree and mechanical perfection, but largely because of the sweetly curved lines of the saloon model exhibited. One got the impression of gliding even when the car was standing still. Another Continental car of historic excellence, the 14 Metallurgique, appealed to me. Refinement and power were suggested all round; I was drawn as by a magnet, and repelled only by the feel of an empty pocket.

I might have been trying a new 'bus in January but for the problem of the old one.

In America the car per annum is an easy possibility. Changes are effected at a modest charge for depreciation. In Britain half the car value seems to disappear in the first year. It is absurd, for the car is often better than when new. If we have chosen a British car well it will run for ten years, and yet at the end of two we hanker for a change.

How often has my mind been made up to run it to destruction rather than face the loss on depreciation. It seems to be the only sound thing to do, and that's why we never do it.

I am looking forward greatly to one thing. The new parliament has many motorists. There should be some tax reform. The trouble seems to lie in the difficulty of providing a substitute for the h.p. tax. Let them abolish the h.p. tax and then look for the substitute. They have five years in which to find it, and no motorist will ever blame them if they fail to do so.

THEIR votes came from the solid sensible family man, who by reason of restricted means and unrestrained taxation, has to crowd his family, wife and four children, into a little two-seater, thus losing the joys of motoring. Were it not for the h.p. tax he might buy a big roomy four-seater of the Chevrolet type for less money than he pays for the little 8 or 10 h.p., and take them out in comfort. If nothing better can be done the new Chancellor can surely arrange an abatement of the tax according to the size of the family, for there is no greater buttress against Bolshevism than the possession of a family car.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. You have the guarantee whether the article admits of a laboratory test or not.

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "JOHN BULL"

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1. Guaranteed Raincoat.
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Get the patterns first, judge their value and be convinced. Do not order before. OUR GUARANTEE.—If you are not entirely satisfied, send the coat back and we will refund your money IN FULL. For patterns, etc., write NOW to

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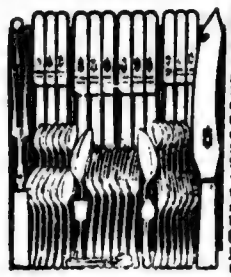

1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives and 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles, 2 Table Spns, 6 Dessert Spns, 6 Tea Spns, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spn, 1 pr Sugar Tngs, 1 Jam Spn, 1 Mustard Spn, all warranted to wear white throughout. Terms: 5/- now, 5/- monthly. Money back if at all disappointed.

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THE CAPE SHEET
You all know its quality, 3/6 each
NEW BEDFORD CORD BREECHES,
Any size, 12/6 per pair.
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H. J. GASSON & SONS,
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SECOND-HAND
3-Valve Sets and Accessories
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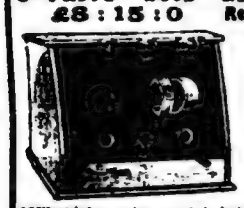

Specification: 3-valve set, very powerful, all stations, work loud speaker, mounted on ebonite in handsome polished mahogany cabinet, 14 in. by 12 in. by 9 in. Original Price £18 10s. In guaranteed perfect order and ready for immediate use. Accessories include accumulator, phones, h.t. battery, valves, lead-in wire, aerial wire, insulators, plugs, &c.

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Only Genuine Bargains Offered.
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Solid fumed oak, size when closed 3 ft. 6 in. x 2 ft. 2 in. x 2 in. Top covered with good quality green cloth, size about 23 in. x 22 in. Strongly made, with beaded edges. Packed flat. Every table guaranteed new. Supplied direct from the actual manufacturer. Ideal for Card, Piano, Billiard Room, Dining Room, Clubs, Restaurants, Hotels, Shops, etc.

EACH 4/- CARR. 1/3
47/6 DOZ. CARR. PAID

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Autumn's here; Winter's coming. Keep off chills and ills by wearing "Galleon" Underclothing direct from Shiphams.
Very Special Value, Wool and Cotton Mixture, finish like wool. Sizes: Every 2 inches, 32 to 44 chest .. .. EACH. 5/11
(Please allow 6d. extra for each 2 inches over 36.) Full Winter Weight Pants, 7/6; Vests 5/11. Send P.O. Money Back Guaranteed if dissatisfied.
Write for Autumn Wear Booklet.
SHIPHAMS, Victoria Arcade, LEEDS.

2/6 Weekly

It is all you pay for our No. 400A Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled, lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 33-1/3% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and illus. art catalogue.

MODEL 400
£5 5s CASH

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Cycle Company (Inc.),
(Dept. B687), Birmingham.

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. *See page 25.*

I. F. (Goring).—"I have two sons and two daughters." Clearly, a plus four man.

W. J. (Lancaster).—"I am glad to say that I have put on a pound." Each way?

T. N. (Slough).—"How would a foreigner know how to pronounce the name of my town?" Hough?

A. M. E. (Chichester).—"Truth is stranger than fiction." While if you go in for fiction you are a stranger to truth.

B. L. (Ipswich).—"Meanwhile Liberalism has lost its standing in the country." And it has lost a lot of its *seats*, too.

J. L. (Finsbury).—"Americans are cautious people." We never yet have seen one bite off more than he could chew.

G. J. (Brixton).—"Judge a man by his wife's clothes." If we do this, there are lots of men of whom we think very little.

L. T. (Mitcham).—"Big profits are made on jams." Yes; we understand the Underground is flourishing.

S. W. D. (Swansea).—"I don't believe in high speeds." And we don't believe in high rates.

C. L. (Waltham).—"I've just got married after a courtship of thirty years." We suppose the poor girl got too feeble to hold out any longer.

D. D. (Camberwell).—"M.P.s might at least be polite!" But they are! Didn't you notice how many of them gave up their seats?

C. W. (Abingdon).—"I find that poor people seem to spend the most." That is merely because, when rich people spend, they don't notice it.

C. C. (Birkenhead).—"I don't believe all I read." And, for your own sake, we sincerely trust you don't believe all you write.

B. R. K. (Streatham).—"For just on an hour, every morning after breakfast, I am walking." And, just about that time, we're train-ing.

SPORT (Uxbridge).—"We have a Darts League here." We understand that the American athletic world remains calm and confident.

W. F. P. (Romford).—"But when I had lost a 'tenner,' I consoled myself with a drink." Then possibly the possession of a "Bass" made up for the loss of a tenner.

HY. E. (S.W. 3).—"Can you tell me of a quiet, respectable, not too expensive night club?" The only one we know is at Westminster, where you get £400 a year for joining.

K. G. (Hendon).—"A walking-stick that can be carried in the pocket has been invented." It is realised that a person needs both hands free to fight his way on to a 'bus.

G. F. (Bearsden).—"We have only a little place." Any chips?

J. H. G. B. (W.1).—"And we *do* get summer in America." You certainly have plenty of hot air.

B. H. (Tilbury).—"I always carry my money in my waistcoat pocket." *Vest*-ed interest.

I. McP. (Beith).—"True love is the door-step to happiness." And marriage the banana skin.

G. S. (Braintree).—"I am afraid of early hours." But possibly you refer to the closing hours.

G. P. (Leicester).—"And what do we expect this new Government to do?" Govern.

B. N. (Eastbourne).—"This year, Paris will not see me at Christmas." Cheer up! Very possibly *you'll* see Turkey instead.

R. J. (Peckham).—"It is not for the labourer to choose." Still he can take his pick.

C. F. M. (Windsor).—"More champagne is drunk in Berlin than in any city in the world." Clearly Berlin is *still* on the Spree.

P. P. O (Paisley).—"Sometimes it is the bridegroom who doesn't turn up in time." But if he turns out all right, why worry?

M. M. (Kensington). — "Suburban people appear to thrive on scandal." Possibly because they spend so much of their time surrounded by little plots.

P. H. (Halifax).—"Have you heard the story of the Scotsman who told his children that Father Christmas had committed suicide?" Beaver!

E. R. P. (Aldershot).—"It is right that in a sense my handwriting is common." So long as you write common-sense, what matter?

H. P. (Bailleston).—"I look upon myself as merely a cork buffeted about on the sea of life." Then you're darned likely to find yourself on the rocks.

R. J. (Walton-on-Thames).—"Let the cobbler stick to his last." Pass the glue, somebody!

H. C. (Croydon).—"I have waited nearly three months for a telephone." We've waited nearly as long for a call.

F. H. E. (Sheffield).—"What party pleases you most of all." The Christmas Party.

B. H. (Norwich).—"The neighbours show my wife a lot of sympathy." Are you the reason?

G. J. (Hendon).—"Has it ever struck you that crime rhymes with grime?" And work with shirk?

P. T. (Sutton).—"Lots of people can't live within their incomes." It is harder still to live without them.

F. I. C. (Worcester).—"The British working man is easily led by the nose." As well as being made to pay through it.

G. J. (Whitstable).—"Everything the working man needs is going up." Except his house.

B. D. (Bedminster).—"Anyhow, it takes the present-day woman less time to dress than it did her mother." But she has so much less to put on.

R. T. K. (Paddington).—"My job as a printer puts me in touch with all sorts of views." Sure! Just as you mix with all sorts of types.

B. J. P. (Prestwick).—"My wife isn't happy unless she is drawing money out of the bank." Then you should give her a check.

H. K. (Hornchurch).—"Why does a wife always ask a husband where he has been?" She probably wants to verify her suspicions.

H. D. (Bath).—"There is nothing like a motor-car for taking you out." We'd prefer one that can be depended on to bring us home.

F. W. (Burslem).—"My pals call me 'camel' because I can go without a drink." Still you mustn't get your back up.

M. T. B. (Matlock).—"I claim to have originated the comment that this election was a Bald-win." But it would only have been true if the Conservatives had won by a hair's-breadth.

LETTERS requiring a postal reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Documents should bear sufficient postage for return.
Anonymous correspondents ignored. Names and addresses of writers are essential as a guarantee of good faith.

H. B. (Gravesend).—"Many men get married for a joke." And find it a yoke.

F. H. (Camden Town).—"What is it that none of us want?" Want.

H. K. J. (Birchington).—"I wish I could stop rushing." You'll have to, if you ever want to get there.

B. P. (Hammersmith).—"When is a poem not a poem." When it's a popular song.

H. J. (Bermondsey).—"Why are there so many mirrors in teashops?" To let the waitresses pause for reflection.

H. K. (Smethwick).—"I have a heavy weight on my mind." Been sampling Christmas puddings already?

G. B. V. (Ayr).—"There will never be a revolution in this country." There are cranks anxious to start it, though.

J. K. (Lancaster).—"What should I pay for a revolving chair?" About 12s. 6d. a bottle.

P. L. (Ealing).—"We are to have a winter tennis club here. Didn't you have one all the summer?

H. J. R. (Ascot).—"I told my wife to vote for the man I didn't want elected." That's one method of getting your own way.

W. J. (Middlesbrough).—"Butchers must get together for their mutual protection." And form a committee of "joint control"?

F. H. Y. (Bury).—"There is plenty to think about these days." Plenty. But so many people aren't equipped with the necessary apparatus.

G. H. (Glasgow).—"I was listening to a Bolshy speaker the other night and he carried on as though he were drunk." Cranks go better when they're oiled.

A. C. B. (Millwall).—"My daughter's musical education has cost me several hundred pounds." Neighbours sued you?

G. H. (Manchester).—"I'm an optimist, and can't help singing." Considering your city, we bet the song is "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

A. R. (Worsley).—"The award of a *Bullets* Turkey has solved the problem of our Christmas dinner." We are solving 1,000 such problems this year—the last 300 Turkeys are offered this week.

T. R. (Reading).—"Hot baths regularly for school children should be compulsory." In our experience, they are usually quite capable of getting into hot water for themselves.

V. W. (Kingston).—"Every morning, when I can get it, I like a hard row." Well, you can get it easily enough if you tell the fishmonger not to send you any soft ones.

W. N. A. (Marylebone).—"Anyone could tell, from my girl's picture, that she's on the stage." We dare say—though, of course, a speaking likeness doesn't always mean a speaking part.

O. P. T. (Nottingham).—"I wonder whether dance orchestras ever want to dance themselves?" We imagine they do not. They have too many opportunities of seeing what it looks like.

L. W. L. B. (Clapham Park).—"Now that a new Parliament is formed, is it not a suitable moment for the revival of those 'Dormant Bank Balances?'" And so many people would like to see their dormant bank balances revived.

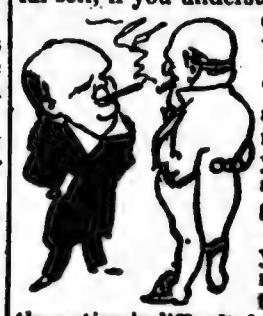
(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Imaginary Talks.

Something Winston Won't Tax

THE SHOWMAN: "Good morning, Winston."

WINSTON: "Good morning, friend Showman. I haven't a second to spare, but I can always find time for your cheerful self, if you understand such a terminological inexactitude."



THE SHOWMAN: "Perfectly! I was about to offer you my best wishes in your new sphere of activity. Yours is a great task."

WINSTON: "And yours a still greater, my friend. To extract money from the nation is difficult, but to extract laughs from some of the subjects you do—my hat!"

THE SHOWMAN: "An excellent example! I must mention the point to Ashley Sterne. In this week's *Passing Show* he's having a tilt at the weather experts—"

WINSTON: "Ah, those experts! I must really read that."

THE SHOWMAN: "And then there's our friend A.G.G. giving us 'The Tale of a Dog.'"

WINSTON: "I heard about that last night. Quite a waggish tale, eh?"

THE SHOWMAN: "Ha! Ha! Quite good. But did you hear of Hedley Barker's short story, 'Red for Danger' in the same issue?"

WINSTON: "A little gem, by all accounts. The title reminded me of my election cry at Epping——"

THE SHOWMAN: "Which ultimately gave you the right to tax our entertainments till we holler for mercy."

WINSTON: "But there's one first-rate entertainment I shall never tax."

THE SHOWMAN: "*The Passing Show*?"

WINSTON (*beaming*): "The answer is in the affirmative."

N.B.—Get the *Passing Show* to-day 2d. everywhere.

WHY WE WILL TRUST "JOHN BULL" READERS.

4/6 worth of Medicine Post-free: No Pay Unless Benefited.

This is a Fair and Honest offer that we could not make if we did not trust both JOHN BULL readers and our own medicine—Vitæ-Ore, Nature's own life-giving remedy. Some medicines benefit only some people.

VITÆ-ORE IS DIFFERENT.

Our tonic beverage Vitæ-Ore always benefits those who need it. We will therefore send you a full-sized 4s. 6d. packet, making a whole month's supply, post free, on the sole understanding that you will pay for it unless you write and say that you are no better for it. You will be better for it.

No drug or patent medicine could be offered on such terms. If there were any reasonable chance that Vitæ-Ore would not do you good, there would be so many people who would not pay that we should be ruined!

VITÆ-ORE IS EXPENSIVE—TO US.

Vitæ-Ore is brought 5,000 miles—extracted from the dried residue of the most valuable natural healing spring in the world—the only one found by the medical profession to possess actual vitalising powers, giving new life to men and women who are ill or run down for need of full vitality.

The Lancet, the most cautious and authoritative medical paper in existence, said of it: "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory." The *Medical Magazine* (another doctor's paper) said: "We have no hesitation in recommending Vitæ-Ore."

The Government, having analysed Vitæ-Ore at Somerset House, exempted it from the stamp duty on patent medicines (which would have been 1s.) because Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine. You can have full confidence in using Vitæ-Ore; it is (as mixed for use) practically tasteless, and can be taken instead of water at meals.

HOW VITÆ-ORE CURES.

Vitæ-Ore cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable; your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with; but you are better all over too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore. Among the ailments which have definitely disappeared when Vitæ-Ore was taken are

Anæmia	**Rheumatism**
Neuralgia	**Enfeebled Nerves**
Sciatica	**Kidney and Bladder Weakness**
Lumbago	**Sluggish Liver and All run-down conditions due to the Stomach, Kidneys, Nerves and Liver**
St. Vitus' Dance	
Dyspepsia	
Chronic Indigestion	
Backache in Women	

But these are only some of the things from which relief can be obtained. Whatever is wrong with you Vitæ-Ore will help you because **while every other remedy only attacks the symptoms of disease Vitæ-Ore restores the loss of vitality which is the cause of all disease.**

Do not delay. Take advantage of this offer at once. A month's supply sent without a penny of payment until you have taken the whole; and no charge if you say you are not benefited. It is what YOU say, not what WE say.

FACE WINTER BOLDLY.

You may have no ailment, and yet the cold and damp of Winter needs some safeguard. Use Vitæ-Ore as a tonic. However little you may be run down, this precaution is wise, and you will feel the benefit. You will feel the warm, rich blood coursing through your veins when you have used Vitæ-Ore; and remember, there is no charge if you say you feel no better.

That we are able to sell Vitæ-Ore on this Trial System and get payments for tens of thousand of packets proves V-O must benefit those who use it. If they were not benefited they would not pay.

Our offer is a liberal one. We send you a whole month's supply—no benefit, no pay. And you DO pay; for you ARE benefited; you will be glad and happy to pay if you accept our offer.

DO NOT DELAY. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE OFFER AT ONCE. FILL IN THE COUPON OR COPY IT, AND POST IT TO THEO. NOEL CO., LTD., (DEPT. 19), 29, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4.

Send this Without Money for 4s. 6d. Packet lasting a Month.

TESTED JB

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.
(Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report result in 30 days.

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not I will write and say so, and in that case **You Are to Charge Me Nothing.**

Name.....

Address.....

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(Advt.

You can Play the Piano TO-DAY BY Naunton's National Music System

IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are young or old, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

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Let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple and rapid system.

Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive eight tunes which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you, and give you many years of purest pleasure.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON. *"John Bull," November 22, 1924*

To the Manager, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, 27, High Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.

I send herewith postal order for One Shilling and Sixpence for which please send me Your Special Instruction Book published at 2/6 containing eight pieces of music, and particulars showing how I can become a thorough musician.

NAME .....DATE.....

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Note.—Please fill in postal order payable to Naunton's National Music System, Ltd. To Colonial and Foreign readers: British Money and Postal Orders only accepted.

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Lessen fatigue of standing and walking and increase the life of your footwear.

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All the latest and most novel designs illustrated at terms to suit all pockets. You select your own records from my huge up-to-date stock. First instalment secures immediate delivery. Money refunded if dissatisfied. *Tens of Thousands of Testimonials.* Don't miss these Grand Offers, so write (or postcard) at once for beautifully coloured free lists now.

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IN VARIOUS STYLES.
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PAINS POSITIVELY ENDED by
ESMOLIN

As a pain-killer ESMOLIN is unique. Sufferers from Chronic Neuritis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, etc., get relief and cessation from pain with ESMOLIN when all else fails.

SPECIAL OFFER! Test it on a "no relief no pay" principle. Get a 3/- bottle from your chemist (or direct) and use half of it. If you have not by then experienced great benefit, return the unused half to us and we will refund your 3/- in full. Also a 1/3 (trial) size, of chemists or post free from

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"ESMOLIN KILLS NEURITIS."

THE ONE SAFE REMEDY
TRIAL PHIAL 8d POST FREE
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Medical Guaranty with each bottle. Chemists and Stores. Price 4/6. 5, Great Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2.
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THE IRRESISTIBLE GIRL.

And Her Delicate Breathless Sister.

A young girl should be bright and full of energy. The pink flush of health should be on her cheeks. She ought to be irresistible. Life is at its best. She should not be tired and wan, too languid to enjoy plain food, too shy and timid to attract anyone, often being ill for a day and having to be in bed.

She should be full of vitality, hungry for her meals, glad to help with the housework, fond of an evening's recreation, walking with a spring in her heels, sunshine in her eyes, and the joy of living in her soul.

A girl who is thin and breathless, with no colour in her lips and cheeks, anæmic, dull-looking, will improve wonderfully under the influence of the new blood that Dr. Williams' pink pills can give her. She will gain vitality and attractiveness, grow healthy and jolly, get rid of all her languor and lassitude.

All chemists sell Dr. Williams' pink pills. 3s. 0d. a box—nothing else is just as good. TESTED JB

FREE.—A booklet every girl should read, "Nature's Warnings," will be sent free to all who write to F. B. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1.

For Raw, Sore Throat

At the first sign of a sore throat, rub on Musterole. It goes right to the spot with a gentle tingle, loosens congestion, draws out the soreness.

A clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard, Musterole has all the strength of the old-fashioned mustard plaster, without the blister. Use Musterole for colds on the chest (it often prevents pneumonia), congestion, neuralgia and rheumatism.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MILLER'S MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

Thos. Christy & Co., London TESTED JB

YOURS for 1/-

Every reader of JOHN BULL who has or is going to have a wireless set should take this opportunity of obtaining a pair of these splendid headphones on our unheard-of bargain terms.

FREE.
Totally glass encased Crystal detector, ball jointed, patent screw crystal cup, complete with catswhisker ready for mounting given free with headphones.

"BRIGHTONIA" HEADPHONES.

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION.
Genuine 4,000 ohms resistance "Brightonia" double headphones, heavily nickel-plated, fitted with adjustable headband in two sections, of the very latest and most comfortable type. Absolutely pure musical reception is assured by the laminated magnets and highly sensitive diaphragms of exceptional thinness and accurate adjustments. Altogether the finest head set ever offered, no matter at what price. Fully guaranteed 5 years.

OUR UNHEARD-OF TERMS.
We send a pair of these high quality headphones upon receipt of 1/- deposit. If satisfied, you send 2/6 more on receipt and the balance by instalments of 2/6 until only 22/6 is paid. Price full cash with order (or within 7 days of receipt) 21/-. Send P.O. now to:—

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STICK-A-SOLES
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Very thin and light rubber soles. Securely attached with PHILLIPS SOLUTION ONLY.
Ladies' 2/6 pr. Men's 3/6 pr. WITH PHILLIPS SOLUTION
Stock like a Stamp! Quite Invisible!!

The Missing Medals

An Echo of the Armistice Silence

WHILE the nation, in those two minutes of solemn silence on Armistice Day, paid proud tribute to the memory of her glorious sons who made the supreme sacrifice of love and devotion to their Motherland, gladly dying that she might live, there was a deep note of grief surging in the hearts of many of those who fought and bled with them on the battlefields, but survived, scarred and maimed, to hand on the traditions of duty to the next generation.

It was a pang of regret that they could not fitly take part in any public ceremony in honour of their fallen comrades.

There were some who felt that they could not attend any public service because they had no clothes worthy of the occasion.

The misfortunes that follow in the wake of war had reduced them to such abject poverty that they had been compelled to pawn their best clothes and their medals to buy food.

Cases of dire distress among the nation's heroes are by no means so rare as might be supposed.

Just before Armistice Day a number of applications were made to "The Greatest of These—" Fund for assistance to redeem clothes and medals so that their owners might properly take part in commemoration parades.

There was a Lieutenant-Colonel whose eight decorations had been pledged. Thirty shillings was required to redeem them so that he might fitly represent his unit on Armistice Day. He was married, with a family of young children to support. He had nothing but a small pension, and had been out of employment for so long that the rent had fallen into arrears.

Another applicant was a Sergeant-Major, a Mons hero, whose Military Medal and other decorations had been pawned to supplement his meagre pension of 6s. a week.

There are hundreds of others, including a large number of ex-officers, who are silently suffering the extremities of want.

We are badly in need of serviceable cast-off garments with which to clothe them, and money with which to buy them food. Every penny that is sent to us will be expended in relief, for JOHN BULL gladly bears the cost of administration of the Fund.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

G. E. Jones' Target, 1s.; Mrs. Robinson, 6d.; A. B. F., 6s. 6d.; Holman, 1s.; Wellwisher, 3s. 9d.; Cheam, 7d.; E. Rayner, 3d.; H. A. (Stratford), 8s.; Scotch Lassie's Ninth, 5s.; Carity, 9d.; Short Timer, 1s.; Mrs. R. G. Allen, 1s.; J. P., 1s.; A. M. B., 6d.; Berkeley, Burnley, 2s. 9½d.; "In Memory of Frank," 5s.; "Jumping Joshua," 2s.; E. M. Hammond, parcel; A. White, 2s.; M. J. E., 2½d.; On the 9th, 3d.; "Baby," 1s.; Hopeful, 6d.; M. Meeten, 2s. 6d.; Miss C. Franklin, parcel; Mrs. Maturin (Jersey), parcels; Chilbolton, parcel; Widnes, 6d.; Twickenham, 3½d.; Manchester, 1s. 9d.; Heela, 1s.; M. J. M., 2s. 6d.; Burntisland, 5s.; "St. Leger Sport," 2s. 1½d.; Another Ninth, 9½d.; "One Who Also Suffers," 10s.; "A Friend to a Friend," 1s.; A. T. (Aberdeen), 2s.; Bempton St., 2s. 6d.; "Dog Pat," £1 10s.; Nell's 2nd 9th," 1s.; H. C., 1s.; Unlucky Bulleteer, 1s. 6d.; J. S., 1s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; W. Franks, 1s. 1½d.; Sandy (Bradford), 2s.; "Jessie," 1s.; Mrs. R. G. Allen, 1s.; F. S. B., 1s.; W. Cassell, 1s. 6d.; "Phelo," 1s.; C. G. (Chadwell), 1s. 6d.; Unlucky, 3d.; E. Russell, 2s. 3d.; "Lover of Wisdom," 3s.; S. A. F. P. M., 1s.; Grateful Scot," 3d.; "Miner's Wife," 1s.; Mrs. M. S. S., 6d.; "Shoras," 1s.; Reader," 1s.; J. Radcliffe, 2s. 3d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Ex-E.E.F., 3s.; M. T. P., 4d.; "Is Charity," 1s.; Kathleen, 1s.; Good Luck, Grafton, 2s.; Willing, 1s. 3d.; H. A. (Stratford), 5s.; E. M., 1s.; Felix, 1s. 6d.; Elizabeth (Dulverton), 10s.; F. H. S., 2s. 6d.; Uptonian's Mite, 1s.; E. M. Rose, 6d.; E. D. (Southsea), 1s.; C.-on-M. 7b, 6½d.; 4th 9th P. D., 6d.; Nectarina, 2s.; Harry, 10d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Hopeful, 2s. 6d.; Cogs, 10s.; B. and B., 1s. 6d. C. T. Paco, 2s. 6d.; "An Owd Collier," 2s. 6d.; Tooting Nurse, 2s. 9d.; R. Williams, 2s. 9d.; Bloodmoney, 1s. 6d.; Mr. Lyons, 2s. 3d.; F. G. M., 1s. 7d.; Benn, 1s. 6d.; M. B., 4½d.; W. J. King, 1s.; Unlucky, 4d.; J. Dundas, 5s.; One Who Wants Luck, 2s. 6d.; E. R. Mountstephen, 2s.; Old Age Pensioner, 1s. 4d.; L. N. L. Saunders, 10s.; Miss A. Baker, 4s.; J. T. Mann, 10s.; G. A. Homewood, 3s.; M. B., 1s.; Mrs. B. Bushnell, 1s.; "My Second Ninth," 1s. 8d.; E. A. Wilkinson, 1s.; D. B., 2s. 2d.; Anon, 1s.; W. Bognor, 7d.; "Regular Reader," 1s. 6d.; H. J. T., 10½d.; "Abe," 1s. 6d.; H. E. W. (Iron-Acton), £1; H. B., 6d.; Keith, 6d.; S. T. Morrell, 7d.; Bulleteer, 1s.; E. Stokel, parcel; E. Morin, parcel and 1s.; Dulcie, 11d.; Stoker's 9th, 6d.; "Glucose," 1s.; "Sympathy," (Malvern), 2s.; E. S. Baker, 10s.; Jarvie, 6d.; Pathfinder, 6d.; Susie, 1s.; "Thankful," 2s.; Anonymous, Notremlg, 6d.; Miss Masters, 1s.; J. Fraser, 6d.; Ginger, 3½d.; M. Lewell, 6d.; Ucalite, 6d.; "P.," 1s.; X.X., 2s.; Poult's Weekly Ninth, 2s.; A. E. H., 6d.; Bulleteer's Bullet Ninth, 6d.; S. A., 5s.; W. H. Gloster, 6d.; 4th 9th, 6d.; A. C. Phillipson, 6d.; S. J. Angell, 1s.; "27," 4s.; Sally, 6d.; Target Winner, 1s.; T. N., 1s.; Braintree, 1s. 7½d.; Fred Bradford, 1s.; Friend of the Poor, 2s. 6d. J. P., 1s. A. Cooper, 3d.; R. Streater, 6d.; B. Jones, 1s.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; For the Ninth, A. E., 2s. 6d.; Brighter Outlook, 2s. 6d.; Ezra, 1s.; Misses Beardsley and Senior, 10s.; Lessudden, parcel; Hopeful (Scarborough, 1s. 6d.; G. Welbeck, 2s. 10d.; Vent, 6d.; A. W. M. Gorton, 6d.; Thankful A. G., 1s.; Rose Oats, 2s. 6d.; Friday's 9th, 6d; H. E. May, 1s. 1d.; M., 3d.; "Boston Stump," 2s. 6d.; K. W. G. P., £1.

(Many acknowledgements unavoidably held over)

100 "BULLETS" Prize-winners OF £1 *(continued from page 35.)*

W. A. Dobson, Mumps Ha', Gilsland, Carlisle; Mrs. R. Duck, 38, Endsleigh Rd., Southall, Middx.; J. W. Edbury, 58, St. Leonard St., Hendon, Sunderland; J. A. Eden, Junr., 39, Caledonian Pl., Aberdeen; F. Florence, 3, Cardiff Rd., Glan-y-nant, Pengam, Glam.; H. Ford, 6, Frederick Pl., Oxford; H. Fulcher, Far Shepherd House, Luddenden Foot S.O., Yorks; L. C. Garrard, 202, Alfreton Rd., Radford, Notts; Mrs. E. M. Garton, 35, Poplar Mount, Belvedere, Kent; H. Gill (staff), De Vere Hotel, Kensington, W.; F. C. Gilbert, 380, St. Ann's Rd., Harringay, N.; Mrs. L. Gillison, 82, Congreve Rd., Eltham, S.E.; H. J. Godfrey, 4, Springfield Rd., New Southgate, N.; Miss F. Gadgin, 17, Beeton Rd., Moorsbrook, Sheffield; J. P. Hammond, 5, Whitton Rd., Terenure, Dublin; T. F. Hardie, 97, Whitevale St., Dennistoun, Glasgow; H. T. Harrison, 194, Marylebone Rd., London, N.W.; E. Haylor, 53, King St., Arundel, Sussex; Miss W. Hibbott, 69, King St. East, Rochdale; W. H. Hodges, 71, Elm Rd., Mile End, Portsmouth; H. Holdforth, 6, Granville Gdns., Newcastle; R. J. Holland, Pound Lane, Fishponds, Bristol; R. Howarth, 66, Fisher St., Oldham; Miss E. Hudson, St. Agnes' Vicarage, Kennington Park, S.E.; J. S. Hughes, 42, Eastgate Row, Chester; J. Hunt, Customs & Excise, Langton Dock, Liverpool; C. Ibbetson, 17, Nottingham St., Melton Mowbray; Mrs. Illingworth, St. Ives, Matham Rd., East Molesey; W. Jones, 85, Clarence St., Miskin, Mountain Ash; Mrs. R. Keeley, Prinkle Farm, Bodle St., Hailsham; W. J. Knott, 16, Pigeon House Rd., Ringsend, Dublin; F. Launcion, Garden Suburb, Humberstone, Leicester; L. Le Mare, 5, Ashwood Rd., Eltham, S.E.; Miss S. Leybourne, Caulowell Villa, South Shields; F. A. Lush, "Whatcombe," Wantage, Berks; R. A. Macfadyen, 29, Warwick Rd., Margate; J. Mack, 27, Malvern Rd., Hornsey; Miss K. Maddle, Bungalow, Costessey, Norfolk; H. Malin, 15, Guild St., Burton-on-Trent; J. Malpas, 97, Hume St., Warrington; H. C. Mogg, 15, Old Castle Rd., Weymouth; C. Morbey, 52, Rutland St., Ormeau Rd., Belfast; Miss N. Moss, Congresbury, nr. Bristol; M. J. Muldowney, 57, Lennox St., Dublin; W. Newman, 5, Sydenham Rd., Deal; J. Ogden, 65, Holmeslack Lane, Preston, Lancs; J. Ormesher, 153, Brook St., Chorley, Lancs; Mrs. A. R. Osborn, 100, Woodhouse St., Ipswich; A. S. Oswald, 15, Mulgrave Terr., Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin; J. Pennell, 16, Mowbray Av., Exeter; H. J. Perrin, 3, Hawthorn Av., Gainsborough; R. Phillips, "Oaklands," Heath Wood Rd., Gabalfa, Cardiff; G. Poad, 207, Welbeck Rd., Byker, Newcastle; G. Pont, 52, Primrose St., Leith, N.B.; R. Rawcliffe, St. Michaels-on-Wyre, Garstang, Lancs; C. F. Rickett, 28, Stewart Pl., Alfred St. South, Nottingham; W. Sharp, 36, Rectory Grove, Clapham, S.W.; Mrs. W. H. Smith, 36, Charnwood Rd., Shepshed; H. E. Smith, 10, Wimbourne Rd., Radford, Notts; M. Stait, 194A, Grey Mare Lane, Bradford, M/c.; B. Stanton, 9, White St., Walsall, Staffs; Mrs. Stovell, The Race Course, Windsor; W. Sullivan, 203, Queen's Rd., Maidstone, Kent; W. Thomson, 2, Cambridge Terr., Scarborough; C. W. Thompson, 19, St. Leonard's Rd., Rodwell, Weymouth; C. E. Thornhill, 54, Rundle Rd., Aigburth, Liverpool; F. Tibbetts, 60, Broad Green, Wellingsborough; F. Tonge, 10, Tower Cotts., off Chorley Old Rd., Bolton; W. F. Tucker, 23, Brooklands, Bridgetown, Totnes; V. Vickers, 62, Taverner's Rd., Peterborough; Mrs. F. Ward, 173, Mansfield Rd., Daybrook, Notts; T. Watkinson, 37, Thornley Cres., Thurnscoe, nr. Rotherham; J. A. White, Whiteville, Guernsey; Miss R. Whitecross, 379, Caledonia Rd., Glasgow; Mrs. M. Williams, 53, Shirley St., Leek, Staffs.

TURKEY WINNERS.—A complete list of 150 Turkey Prize-winners in Competition No. 540 will be sent on receipt of a halfpenny stamped and addressed envelope. This list, together with 200 6/- Prize-winners, will also be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." A list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of JOHN BULL.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 540.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. T. SIMMONDS,
Ex-service Oil Stores, St. Andrew's Street South, Bury St. Edmunds.
Example:—WINSTON CHURCHILL
Bullet:—PAST-MASTER PAST CAN'T MASTER.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. W. OTTEY, 70, Berkeley Road, Dagnorth, near Leicester.
Example:—LOVE'S SWEET SONG
Bullet:—HER EAR THE MICROPHONE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

Miss M. DAVIS, 37, Gadlington Road, Bedford.
Example:—OBLIGING NEIGHBOUR
Bullet:—ENGLAND PREFERS OBLIGING RELATIONS.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. F. A. T. SEWELL, 45, Stratford Road, Portsmouth.
Example:—THE NEXT MOVE
Bullet:—"DAYLIGHT *Robbery* SAVING BILL."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. J. WEST, Bonegrooms Road, Portsland, Dorsetshire.
Example:—CALLING FOR ANOTHER
Bullet:—CAMPAIGN, POISONED LITERARY FARE.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

J. BAILEY, 58, Edmund Road, Saltley, Birmingham.
SHATTERED DREAMS—HONEYMOONERS STANDING IN CORRIDOR.
Miss S. BUCKNALL, 157, Roundway, London, N.
CALLING FOR ANOTHER—LOAD, MODERN BURGLAR'S CAR.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
F. J CHALKLEY, 5, Jubilee Street, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.
MY DOCTOR—LLOYD GEORGE ENDOWED CAR.
J. CROW, 100, Durward Avenue, Glasgow.
THE PRINCE'S SMILE—A SLOGAN WITHOUT WORDS.
W. GIBSON, 3, Stanley St., Close House, near Bishop Auckland.
CALLING FOR ANOTHER—FOOD TAX REDUCTION, PROFITEER.
C. GRAINGER, Cranleigh School, Cranleigh, Guildford.
A NURSERY—SHOULDN'T BE "CROWDED OUT."
J. MOYES, 8, Allan Street, Leith.
BACHELOR DAYS—YOU COULD SACK *Housekeeper*.
H. VICTOR, South Down House, Henfield, Sussex.
MAN AT THE WHEEL—THREW BANDAGE, DROVE ON.
J. J. WALL, 166, High Street, West Bromwich.
WHAT THE LAWYER SAID—TO BRIDEGROOM, "MY CARD!"
B. WAUCHOPE, 10, Grosvenor Crescent, Edinburgh.
A NURSERY—FOR COMMUNISTS, CELLAR ONCE.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mrs. BEVISTER, Mount Villa, Ashcombe Park Road, Weston-S-Mare.
MAN'S SUPERIOR—TO GOSSIP—OUTSIDE CLUB.
A.F. DEWCHFIELD, 75, Copenhagen Street, Islington, N.
ALARMING—YELLS—BUT VOTES COUNT.
W. J. HUGHES, 97, Vimy Road, Billesley, Birmingham.
WHEN ROVER'S UP—URCHINS FIX "AWAY MATCHES."
M. JOHNSON, 6, Townley Road, Dulwich, S.E.
AFTER THE ELECTION—'FORECASTING RESULTS" EQUALLY DIFFICULT.
W. LIVINGSTONE, 1, Salisbury Gardens, Belfast.
SHATTERED DREAMS—BUZZER REPLACES DIVISION BELL.
F. MAY, R.C. Hut, Tidworth, Hants.
CASTLES IN THE AIR—BUILDERS STRIKE WELCOME HERE.
Mrs. F. E. SNIPE, 73, Grove Road, Beccles, Suffolk.
AFTER THE ELECTION—CANDIDATES WRITING EMBROCATION TESTIMONIALS.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
W. TAYLOR, 4, Bower Street, West Hartlepool.
MIXED CREW—OF TWO, SEEKING BACKWATER.
A. WALTERS, c/o Salter, 4, Agamemnon Road, West Hampstead.
ALARMING—FILM BABY SWALLOWS CONTRACT.
A. WILLIAMS, 30, Chorley Road, Wigan.
WITH A SOB—MOTHER—CYNICAL SMILE, DAUGHTER.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

F. Armstrong, Police Station, Gosforth, Newcastle; S. T. Ashford, 21, Montagu Gdns., Wallington, Surrey; H. K. Banks, 4, Priory Garden Villas, Caml ridge Rd., Hastings; J. Banner, 81, Arragon Rd., East Ham; W. Baron, 21, Temperance St., Chorley, Lancs.; J. Bennett, 2, Church St., Liverpool; T. Bennett, 38, Scarborough St., New Scarboro', Wakefield; C. Bezant, 31, Diamond Rd., Slough; Mrs. G. H. Bonsall, 69, The Terrace, Woodley, Stockport; W. Bradford, 19, Sagitt St., West Hartlepool; R. H. Breach, Green End, Willingham, Cambs; A. Brown, 3, Leadside Rd., Aberdeen; E. Brown, 79, Mansfield St., Sherwood, Nottingham; G. Brown, 104, Beechwood Drive, Broomhill, Glasgow; E. L. Burgess, 5, Norfolk Rd., Claygate, Surrey; H. M. Caffrey, 37, Douglas Rd., Horfield, Bristol; C. Carr, 19, Childer Rd., Stowmarket; F. Clayton, 44, Heald Av., Rusholme, M/c.; A. Clifford, 19, Lr. Ault St., Spen Lane, West Bromwich; A. J. Cole, 327, High Rd., Ilford; F. H. Colman, 122, Crescent Rd., Hamstead, S.E.; Mrs. S. J. Cull, 6, Islwyn Terr., Mount Pleasant, Porth, Rhondda; Mrs. O. Cornish, 60, Broad St., Lyme Regis; E. Dadswell, Little Hoe Farm, Bishop's Waltham; H. Diamond, 42, Janet St., Edge Hill, Liverpool;

(Continued on page 34)

LAST WEEK! TURKEYS INCREASED THIS WEEK 300 LAST WEEK!

2nd. Prize £100 | £250 | 3rd. Prize £50

4th Prize £25 | 5th Prize £10 | 200 Prizes of 5/- | 500 Prizes of 2/6 | 100 Prizes of £1 | 4,000 Target Prizes | 10 PRIZES OF £5 | 10 PRIZES OF £2.10

and 300 Fine Turkeys

NOW IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO WIN A PLUMP 'BULLETS' TURKEY! IT WILL REACH YOU IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 543.

THE BEST POLICY
BALDWIN'S PROGRAMME
OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES
RETURNED EMPTY
THANKS TO WIRELESS
BRAINS
DANGEROUS SUBJECT
WHAT THE MONEYLENDER SAID
CHANGING VIEWS
WHEN HE KISSED HER
WORK AND PLAY
FIRST VISIT
BOOMING
WOLF AT THE DOOR
HAPPY SEQUEL
IN A REVUE
LETTING THE CAT OUT
APPLE OF DISCORD
AFTER FATHER
SILENCE IS GOLDEN
NURSING TRADE
I WONDER HOW
IRRITATING
HER FIRST ATTEMPT
WHY HE YAWNED
ENOUGH FOR ME
STUDYING PRICES
WHEN HE WOKE UP
IN HOSPITAL
PLEASING HER
QUIET CHAP
WHAT IS A WIFE?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 543 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—
Example:—THE NEXT GENERATION *Bullet*:—BETTER HALVED THAN STARVED.
Example:—THE TRUTH *Bullet*:—"LOSES WEIGHT" WITH "ADDITIONS."
Example:—WHAT ALGY SAID *Bullet*—"LET'S SEE!"—REMOVING MONOCLE.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED

☞ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 543, John Bull Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 27.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(543) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 27.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(543) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 27.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
543 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 27.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(543) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ **If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper**

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 544.
THE NEW GOVERNMENT—OPPORTUNITY'S KNOCK—HEART OF THE EMPIRE SENSIBLE WIFE—WORRIES ME—GLUTTON FOR WORK—HUMAN NATURE—WHEN A BOY—BLANK CHEQUE—ABSENT-MINDEDLY—REALISING HER—EXPECTED SOON—TO-MORROW—SOMEBODY'S BLUNDER—GOOD NAME—LIKE PRIDE—WHAT SOLLY SAID—TELLING EVERYBODY—AT MEALTIMES—WHAT IS A HUSBAND?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **544** in the top left-hand corner and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **544**, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two Examples for Competition No. **543.**

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With this magic bar,
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Into a guitar.
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